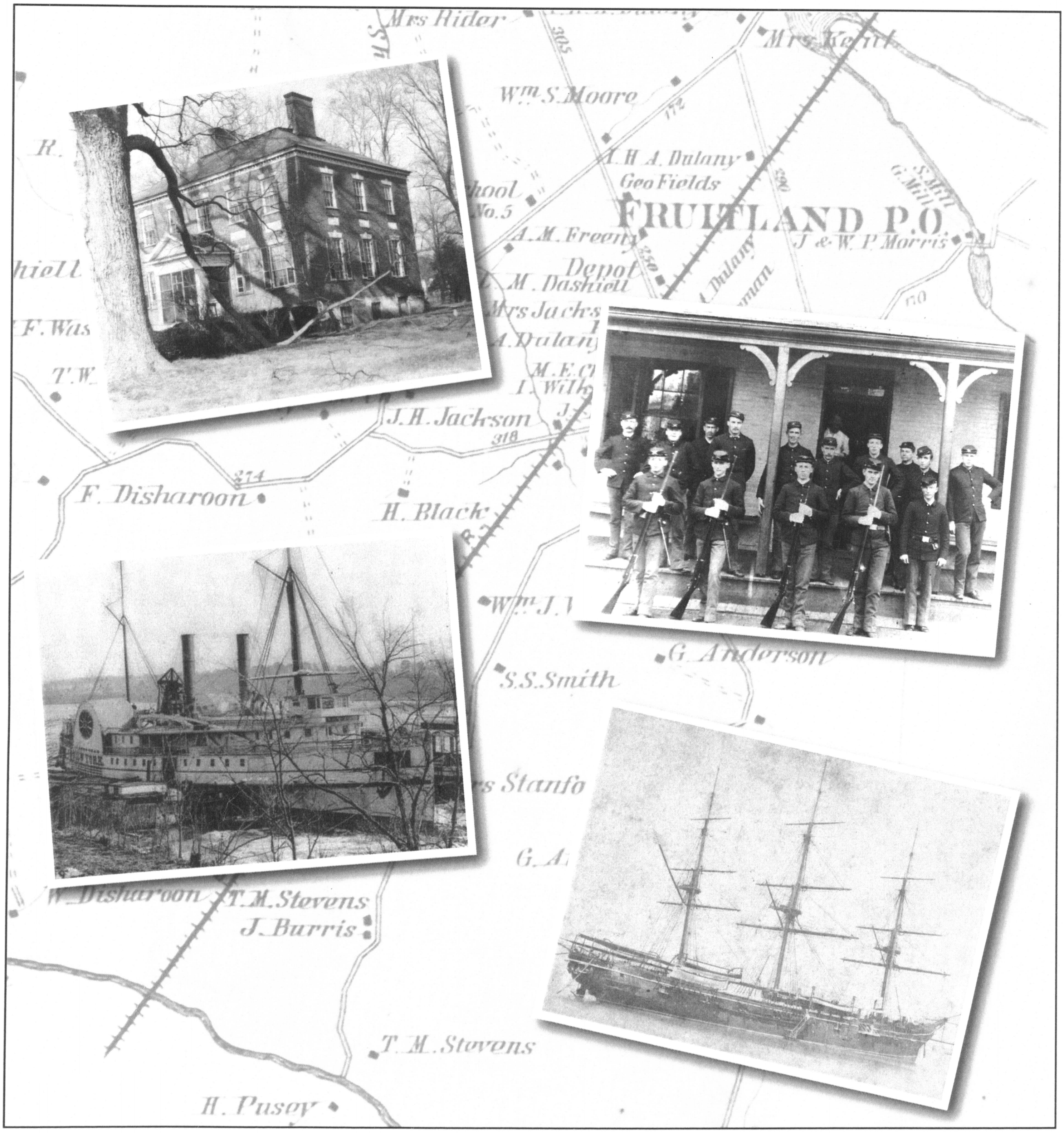
Shoreline

Vol. 21 • June/July 2014

For the Members of the Edward H. Nabb Research Center for Delmarva History and Culture at Salisbury University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In a Word

By Dr. G. Ray Thompson

Much has happened at SU since the last issue of the *Shoreline*! With the recent demolition of Caruthers Hall on the Salisbury University campus and the groundbreaking event in late April, the Patricia Guerrieri Academic Commons is closer to becoming a reality. The Nabb Center will be an important part of the new facility, scheduled to open in August 2016. Students and faculty will find our on-campus location more easily accessible. We are preparing for the move – busily accessioning, archiving and rearranging our stack areas.

In this issue, we are showcasing articles relating to original records in our archives. Dan Norris' article on the 19th century Stickney maritime logbooks details a sailor's travel into and through exotic Mediterranean seascapes and landscapes. Just as intriguing is William Moore's thoughtfully written article on "old" Fruitland. English intern Alysha Allen, using regional correspondence which she transcribed, created a thought-provoking article on truce boats in the Chesapeake during the Civil War era. Our Access Archivist Leslie McRoberts, discovering hidden treasures among our collections, tantalizes us with architectural and historical "finds" among our collections. History intern Evan Mellott has penned an introduction to our *Delmarvans at War* exhibit – an exhibit that is certain to be of interest to our members.

A fond farewell is given to our recently graduated student workers with a hearty thanks to them for all they have accomplished for us during their tenures here. We also thank our growing cadre of volunteers who have tackled a variety of tasks – from family history research, to working with students in the Reading Room, to transcribing ledgers, to being docents in our galleries. Each of our volunteers is appreciated for the valuable services they perform. We've also included a memorial tribute honoring those recently deceased individuals who have made substantial contributions to the Nabb Center and to the community-at-large, as well. Only a small portion of their individual accomplishments and affiliations is included in the article. We very much miss those loyal supporters.

Friendraising and fundraising are always on our collective minds at Nabb. Our recent "Evening in Old Lewestown" fundraising event was a hit with attendees. We appreciate everyone whose contributions helped make it a success. Finally, we'd like to ask all of you to consider the Nabb Center when doing your own estate planning/bequests. We're history … without you!

We wish you a happy and restful summer whether you are vacationing or are otherwise occupied! Hope you enjoy reading our *Shoreline*.

Submissions

The Nabb Research Center is always interested in articles on the history, culture or heritage of the Delmarva region. If you or anyone you know is interested in writing for *Shoreline*, please send material, proposals, suggestions or comments to the attention of the "Newsletter Editor" as follows:

Nabb Research Center
Salisbury University
1101 Camden Ave.
Salisbury, MD 21801-6860

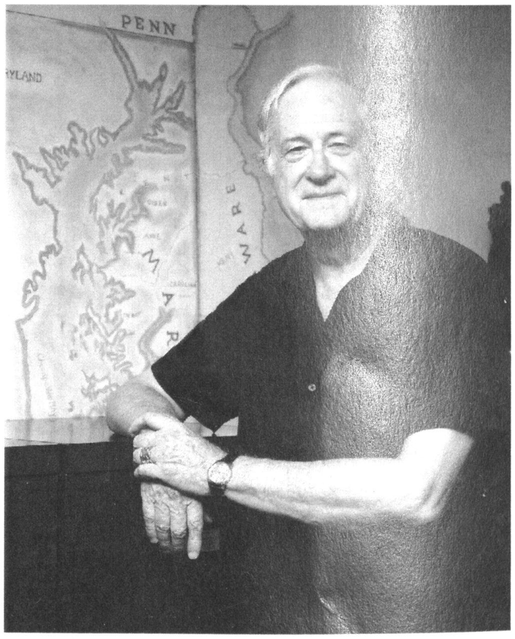
Or by e-mail to rcdhac@salisbury.edu. Please include the words "Newsletter Editor" in the subject line.

Hours & Closings

READING ROOM HOURS:
Monday: 10 a.m.-8 p.m.
Tuesday-Friday: 10 a.m.-4 p.m.

GALLERY CLOSED:
Reopens August 25 or by appointment
(please call 410-543-6312).

CLOSINGS:
July 4
September 1
November 26-29



Dr. G. Ray Thompson

Shoreline

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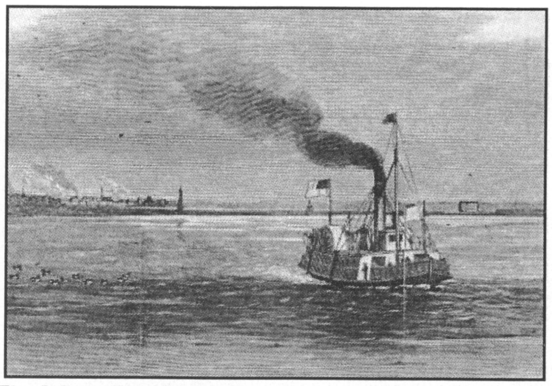

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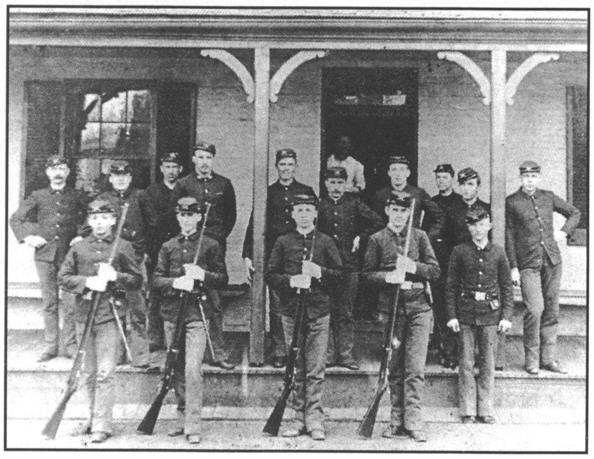
The White Flag Boats That Delivered Letters to Freedom



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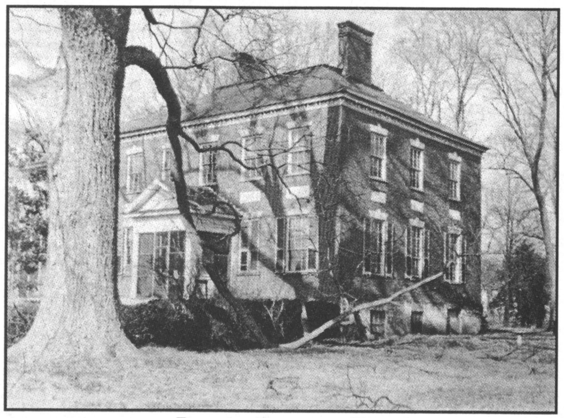
Delmarvans at War



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Past in Present: Freedom Ainsworth and His Palatial Preservation Practices

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Director and Founder, Dr. G. Ray Thompson. *Research Assistant*, T. Aaron Horner. *Administrative Assistant*, Donna T. Messick. *Receptionists*, Pilar Burton and Leigh Anne Roye. *Access Archivist*, Leslie McRoberts. *Graduate Assistants*, Amanda Tuttle & Regina Miller.

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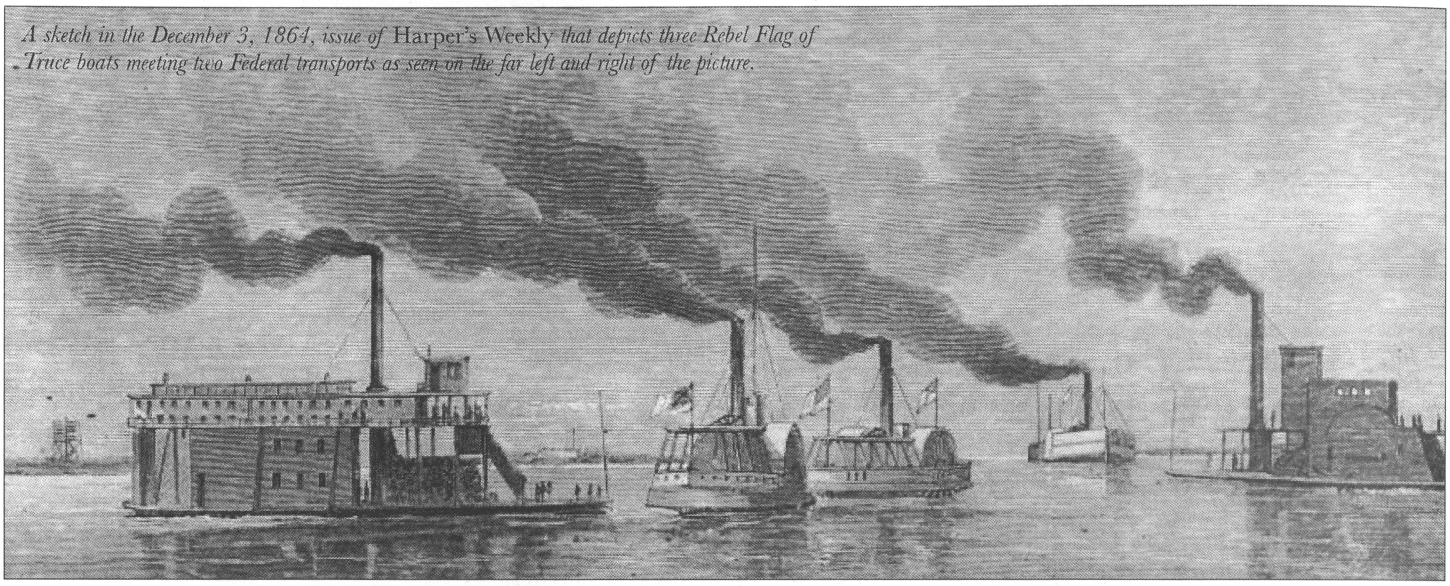
The White Flag Boats That Delivered Letters to Freedom

By Alysha Allen

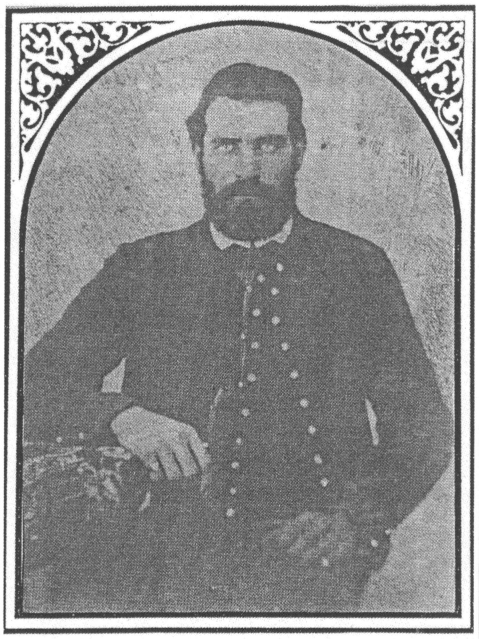


A sketch in the December 3, 1864, issue of Harper's Weekly *that depicts three Rebel Flag of Truce boats meeting two Federal transports as seen on the far left and right of the picture.*

Once described as "floating hearses" in an 1864 issue of *Harper's Weekly*, Flag of Truce boats frequently sailed up and down the James River of Virginia and through the Chesapeake Bay, transporting prisoners of war and smuggled letters between the Union and Confederacy during the Civil War. It was through these Flag of Truce boats that John Campbell Henry, a native of Cambridge, MD, who had fought first for the North and later defected to the South, corresponded frequently with his family.

Indeed, corresponding through Flag of Truce boats may have been one of the only means to reach a loved one across the border that separated the North from the South during the Civil War. In one of the letters addressed to his mother Wilhelmina, dated February 12, 1865, John wrote: "I think as there are so many of you [family members], I should get a half dozen letters by every Truce Boat."

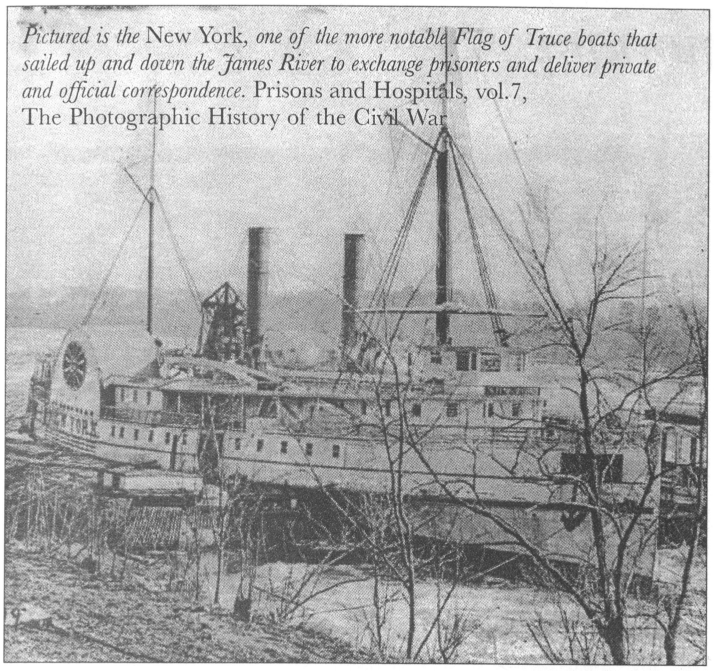
Although John had left Maryland to support the Southern cause without telling his family about his plans, he received expressions of love from his relatives and support for his actions, as illustrated by Wilhelmina's affectionately written epistles to him. She wrote in her letter of October 7, 1863: "Your leaving home without our knowledge and entertaining different views from what we think right, has made me sometimes fear you may suppose our love for you has lessened, but that can never be." In many of their letters to one another, family members often asked for and sent each other "likenesses" or daguerreotypes of each other. Wilhelmina even made an unabashed request for a lock of her son's hair by mail.



Cpl. John C. Henry
2nd Maryland Infantry, Co. A, C.S.A.

However, the reliance upon these boats as an assured means of sending mail to or from family relations and loved ones was always an uncertain business, especially when such boats were expressly to be used for delivering mail to or from prisoners of war. Navy officials eventually noticed the smuggling of civilian letters by these Truce boats. They ordered that "no letters would be received except those for or from prisoners of war and official communications to the commanding officer, many letters of private persons, as well as of those claiming to hold official positions among the rebels, have been found in the bundles marked 'prisoners' letters."

Wilhelmina's letters to her son were fraught with anxiety and fear about whether or not her Truce letters had actually reached him. She wrote: "Most anxiously have I been hoping for a letter … for I have not heard since your letter of truce date 7th March," and only a month later wrote: "I hope indeed my darling my Truce letter of April 27th has reached you." However, Wilhelmina's fear was rather reasonable in view of the covert precautions needed before sending a letter, for without attentive heed to these restrictive measures, the fate of many of these letters would be the graveyard of the Dead Letter Office. Among the rules established by Major General Dix governing the Post Office Department at



Pictured is the New York, *one of the more notable Flag of Truce boats that sailed up and down the James River to exchange prisoners and deliver private and official correspondence.* Prisons and Hospitals, vol.7, The Photographic History of the Civil War

Fort Monroe in Virginia, any letter that exceeded one page in length or mentioned anything other than domestic issues, such as any politicized speech, would be confiscated and not sent on by Truce boat across the lines. In addition to the above, any letter sent by Truce needed an outer cover bearing the words "By Flag of Truce" and an inner envelope with the letter. The outer cover would be thrown away once the letter safely reached its exchange point, and then the letter would finally be delivered to its addressee.

Henry and his mother had not been the only ones to be affected by these constraints. In a letter to his mother, James J. Archer directed her, "Write me often by *flag of truce*," adding, "I will avail myself of all opportunities to do the same – but it is an uncertain means of communication & neither of us must be anxious if we do not often succeed in getting our letters." As a prisoner onboard the *U.S.S. Dragoon*, a Flag of Truce boat that bore prisoners exchanged from a prison camp in Johnson's Island, OH, Archer attempted to ease his mother's mind about the prison conditions on the Truce boat. He wrote to her: "In spite of many & great annoyances & discomforts my life as a prisoner, & even on board this miserable ship has not been all together devoid of pleasure and my health is more complete than at any time since my first arrival at Richmond."

Yet, there is evidence that living conditions upon Truce boats that acted as prison retainers for those captured in war may not have been as propitious as Archer would have us or his mother believe. According to a source that depicts conditions upon the *U.S.S. Dragoon*, "for many days they [the prisoners] had only bread to eat, but that was good because the meat when it was served was so decayed and disgusting that it had to be thrown overboard."

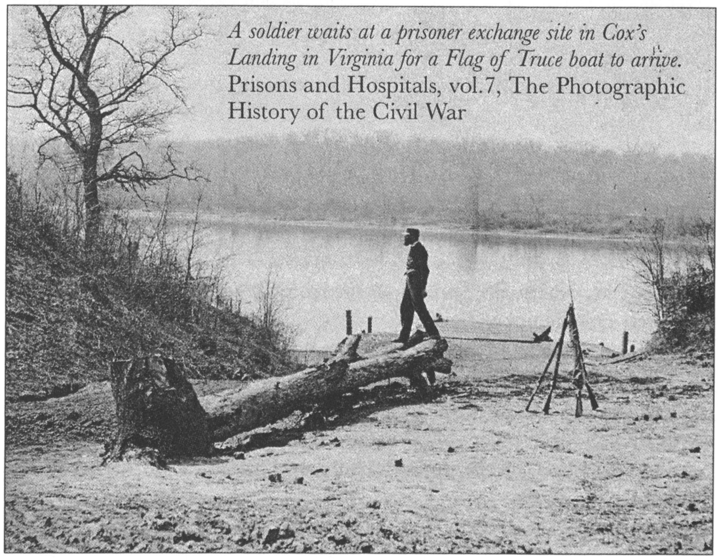
Interestingly enough, for many, the white flag that fluttered in the wind upon these Flag of Truce boats as they coursed down the James River was a symbol and herald of independence hailed by both Federal and Confederate soldiers. A reporter for *Harper's Weekly* once noted: "the crowds inside [the Truce boat] showed uproarious life, instead of death … A merrier set of invalids were never got together … with dangling legs, almost dipping into the water through the hilarious carelessness of their owners." Certainly, notwithstanding being infamously stigmatized as a stockade of imprisoned soldiers, it more often than not signified as an amicable bond between the North and the South. Since almost all other ties had been severed, Flag of Truce boats allowed communication between family members and friends separated by the war. Concomitantly, these boats served as an arbiter to mediate, at least temporarily, between the Union and the Confederacy.

Henry did not often write to his mother during the years he was enlisted as a soldier in the South. However, his letters evoke a sense of warmth that returns the unconditional affection his family displayed for him. He noted in a letter to a friend dated September 15, 1864, that he had "long talks of home almost every day" with another injured comrade while he was hospitalized healing from an injury. In the few letters that he wrote to his mother, he disclosed that he had not forgotten his family and even more that he wished to be remembered by them. Most interesting was his zealous desire to receive more photographs of his family, especially of the female members, so that he could proudly show them off to the doting eyes of fellow soldiers.

The John C. Henry letters are just some examples of the private epistolary communication carried across enemy lines during the Civil War by Truce boats. Moreover, it was through dozens of hastily written billets that were smuggled from mothers in the North to beloved sons fighting for the Confederate cause that helped keep families together. Even more remarkable, these letters and hundreds of others from families in similar circumstances were conveyed upon boats that were dens of veritable misery.

John C. Henry, son of Francis Jenkins Henry and Williamina Elizabeth Ennalls Goldsborough Henry, initially served with the 1st E.S. MD Vols. He later headed south and joined the 2nd MD, C.S.A. in Richmond. Henry would survive the war, return home to Cambridge and later move to New Orleans. He is buried at the Army of Northern Virginia Tomb in New Orleans.

Alysha Allen is a senior at Salisbury University majoring in English literature and minoring in gender studies. She interned at the Edward H Nabb Research Center during the spring 2014 semester. Her interests are in literature and history from the 18th and the 19th centuries.



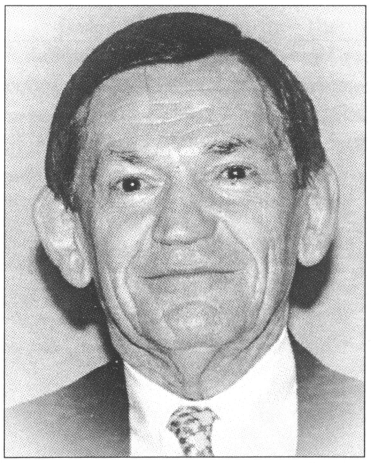
A soldier waits at a prisoner exchange site in Cox's Landing in Virginia for a Flag of Truce boat to arrive. Prisons and Hospitals, vol.7, The Photographic History of the Civil War

In Memoriam

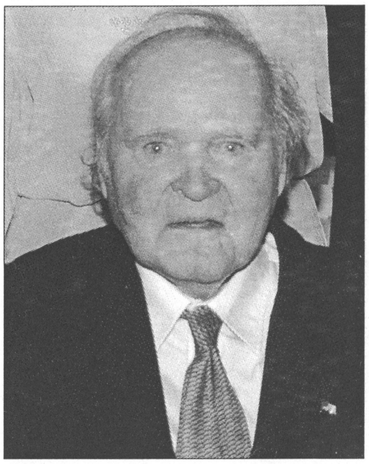
The Nabb Center has been fortunate over the years to have been associated with many people who share a love of learning and a love of the history of the Delmarva region. During their lifetimes, they donated a multitude of materials to preserve for future generations of student and family researchers. Items include letters, diaries, ledgers, postcards, books, family history research, photographs, oral histories and artifacts. Often family members contribute items from their loved ones' estates that they want to make available in a research repository such as the Nabb Center so that future generations may benefit from the knowledge and enjoy the items just as they themselves have.

Many generous donors have helped over the years with financial support to pay for staffing, exhibits, archival supplies, books and microfilm, equipment, lectures or whatever has been needed to provide services for the public and students. Support comes in a variety of ways that includes memberships and spreading the word to others who are interested in our mission. An often-overlooked – but greatly appreciated –means of support is to include the Nabb Research Center in estate planning and bequests. These contributions have been a tremendous help in sustaining the many activities at Nabb that help us to preserve local history.

In recent years, we have been greatly saddened by the loss of several of our supporters and fellow history lovers. While we will undoubtedly leave out some who should be recognized, we wanted to take this opportunity to acknowledge some who shared their love of history and family and helped support the ongoing mission of the Nabb Center through their contributions. We are truly grateful for their support and that of their families.

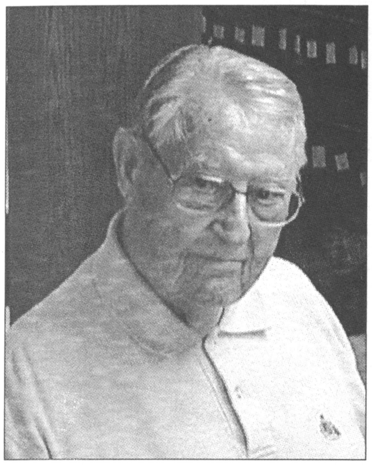


Thomas (Tom) Hearne Fooks V, 86, of Wilmington, DE, died on December 26, 2013, after a brief illness. Born on November 12, 1927, in Georgetown, DE, to Georgia Rebecca Williams and Thomas Hearne Fooks IV, Tom was one of four children. Tom developed a deep interest in his heritage and the history of the Delmarva Peninsula. He supported research going back to the 17th century through his involvement with the Edward H. Nabb Research Center at Salisbury University. Tom devoted considerable time to civic and cultural programs as an active contributor to the Hagley Museum, Winterthur and the Center for Digital History at the University of Virginia. He served on the board of directors of Wilmington's Fair Play Foundation and the Nabb Center. He demonstrated his support of the Nabb Center both financially and with the gift of his time and talents.

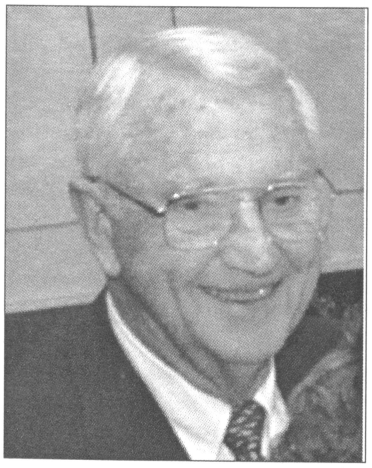


Hamilton (Ham) Phillips Fox, 93, of Salisbury passed away November 26, 2013, in Salisbury. He was born December 31, 1919, in Baltimore and was the son of the late Dr. Hamilton P. Fox and Louise Savage Fox. After serving in World War II and completing law school, he began his law practice in Salisbury. Following the Supreme Court decision in Brown v. Board of Education, which ruled that racial segregation of public schools is unconstitutional, Ham and other civic leaders formed the Bi-Racial Commission to desegregate Wicomico County's schools and public facilities, and Ham served as its chairman for many years. Active in the community throughout his life, he was a member and director of the Salisbury Chamber of Commerce, president of the County Community Fund (now the United Way), president of the Jaycees, president of the Kiwanis Club, secretary and then president of the Wicomico Historical Society, a member of the Pemberton Historical Park Board, a charter member of Pemberton Hall Foundation, and one of the founders of the Wicomico Hunt Club. He also was a founding board member of the Nabb Research Center and he, along with his wife Kathleen, continued to be members and supporters of the Nabb Center. After his death, Kathleen donated a gift to the Nabb Center in his honor.

Julia (Betsy) Elizabeth Allen Hancock, 87, of Salisbury, MD, died September 28, 2013. She was born in Salisbury, November 30, 1925, to the late Lois Jennings Allen and Fulton White Allen. Her paternal grandparents were William Francis and Martha P. Allen who owned the land on which Salisbury University was built. For a number of years their Queen Anne home was the residence of several college presidents. Her maternal grandparents were Carrie Valesca Jennings and Wayland Hale Jennings of Rochester, NY. Pursuing her interest in local history, Betsy served on the board of the Preservation Trust of Wicomico County and was a long-time member of the Nabb Center. She contributed items to Nabb's archival and artifact collections over several years.

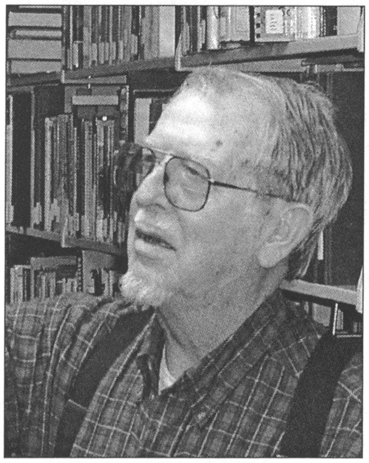


John Edwin Jacob Jr. died in Fort Myers, FL, June 7, 2013, aged 97 years. Born October 8, 1915, in the Hamilton area of Baltimore City, he was the son of the late John Edwin Jacob and Emma Evans Williams. He was the uncle of long-time Nabb board member Robert S. Withey. John's wife, Thelma Diane Christy, is living in Fort Myers. John moved to Salisbury and started his law practice in 1939. His list of accomplishments includes founding the Salisbury Jaycees in 1940, serving as its first president, and establishing the Salisbury Exchange Club. He also served as a member and officer of the Lower Eastern Shore Genealogical Society, the Salisbury Zoo and the Wicomico Historical Society. John was president of the Wicomico County Bicentennial Commission, which published *The 1877 Atlases and other Early Maps of the Eastern Shore of Maryland.* He also authored *Salisbury and Wicomico County: A Pictorial History, Gravestones of Wicomico, The History of Wicomico Presbyterian Church, Gravestones of Wicomico* and five postcard history books of the lower Eastern Shore. John oversaw the moving of the Nutters District Election House to the City Waterworks property in Fruitland, MD, where it was restored and filled with his political and local/state election collection. The collection is now housed at the Nabb Center. John worked tirelessly for many years in researching his large, unpublished monograph on the history of Salisbury, MD, 1732-1867. The monograph is now available in the Reading Room at the Nabb Center. Another hobby was map collecting; he contributed his entire rare map collection of the Middle Atlantic States to the Nabb Center where it will soon be featured in a public exhibit. Over the years, John donated many of his research materials, postcard and map collections and other archival items to the Nabb Center. He served on Nabb's board of directors for several years.

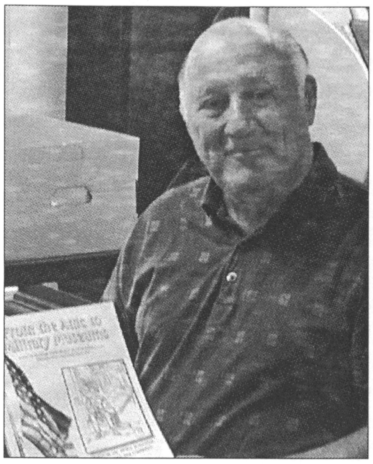


Edward Niemann Jr., 86, of Willow Valley Lakes Manor, Willow Street, PA, died August 22, 2013, at Arbor View, Willow Valley. He was born June 17, 1927, in New York City to Edward and Mary M.L. Niemann. He was a graduate of Wicomico High School in Salisbury, MD, and the University of Virginia. Upon retirement from General Electric, he and his wife Barbara acquired a consuming interest in genealogy, traveling to the U.K., Germany and Switzerland. They often visited the Nabb Center, attended our fundraising events and lectures, and became lifetime members through their generous contributions.

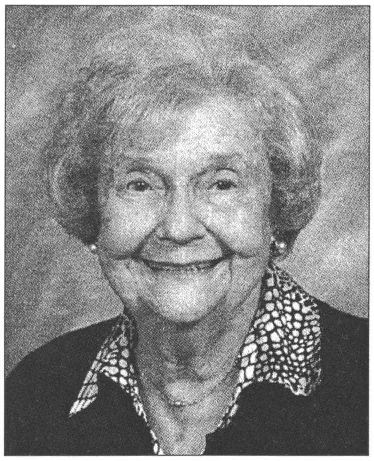
Polly Stewart passed away February 3, 2013, in Salt Lake City, UT. She was born July 27, 1943, to Justin and Martha Stewart. A specialist in medieval studies and folklore, she earned her Ph.D. at the University of Oregon and taught at Salisbury University for 30 years. Polly worked with undergraduates to form the first LGBT student group on campus. Her significant work in the fields of folklore, feminism and local history is documented in a series of works she edited, essays, articles, monographs, and book and journal reviews. Polly was a founding member of the Folklife Archives at Salisbury University, which later merged with the Research Center for Delmarva History and Culture, now known as the Nabb Research Center. Not only did she donate her collection of folklife/folklore materials and oral history interviews to the Nabb Center, but she also served on Nabb's board and was a regular financial supporter.



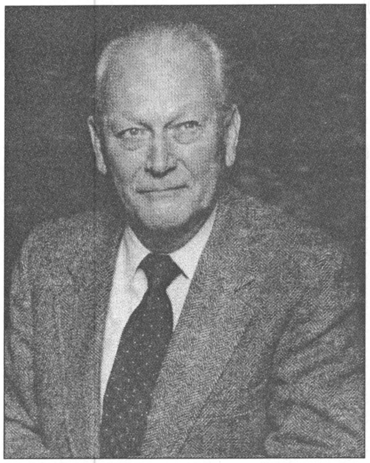
James (Jim) Russell Trader, 81, died on Saturday, October 13, 2012, in Salisbury. Born in Berlin, MD, on April 3, 1931, he was the son of the late Milton R. and Nellie Porter Trader. His maternal family, the Porters, has deep roots in the Salisbury community of Allen. His great-great grandfather was George Jackson Porter, and a cousin was Richard Twilly Porter, of baseball fame, who is buried in the Allen Cemetery. Jim spent 20 years researching his family genealogy and contributed much documentation to the Allen Historical Society and the Nabb Center. In 1993, Jim joined the Coalition to Protect Maryland Burial Sites, Inc. He served as president three times as well as being legislative chairman and in the latter role working to record, preserve and protect cemeteries all across Maryland. He recorded and documented 550 cemeteries in Wicomico County and 220 in Worcester County, preserving many burial sites which otherwise might have been lost. He was a member of the Allen Historical Society. Jim was a long-time member, regular visitor and volunteer at the Nabb Center. The Nabb Center was generously remembered in his will.



Robert (Bob) Parker Fondes was born on a farm in Parsonsburg, MD, in 1927, but grew up in West Philadelphia, PA, during the Great Depression and war years. He died in Florida in December 2011. His mother, Tabitha Parker Fondes, was born in Parsonsburg and was a registered nurse for 50 of her 98 years. Pfc. Fondes served 18 months (1945-1947) in the United States Army Air Corps. He pursued various business opportunities and eventually in 1989 started spending his winters in Florida and summers in Parsonsburg. He authored two books: *From the Attic to Military Museums: How to Honor Your Family By Donating and Preserving Military History* and *From the Attic to the Smithsonian.* Several years ago, Bob had established a Fondes Scholar Award in Nursing at Salisbury University in honor of his mother. Knowing the value of preservation, he also donated a large archival collection to the Nabb Center and left a generous bequest to the Nabb Center in his will.



Joanna Hauk Cato died Wednesday July 30, 2008, in Salisbury. She was born November 28, 1916, the daughter of Una Belle Isbill and Willie Carlisle Hauk, in McGregor, TX. Mrs. Cato was preceded in death in 1997 by her husband, Elliot Temple Cato, whom she married in 1937 in Norfolk. After moving to Salisbury in 1946, Mrs. Cato became active in Asbury Methodist Church, the Junior Auxiliary Board of PRMC and several organizations. She was well known and held several positions in local garden club circles. In February 2013, her daughter Joanna Abercrombie presented the Nabb Center a $25,000 gift to honor her mother, saying "she set a great example for her family with a love of history and commitment to our community throughout her ninety one years. She would be happy to know the Nabb Center received a small gift from her."

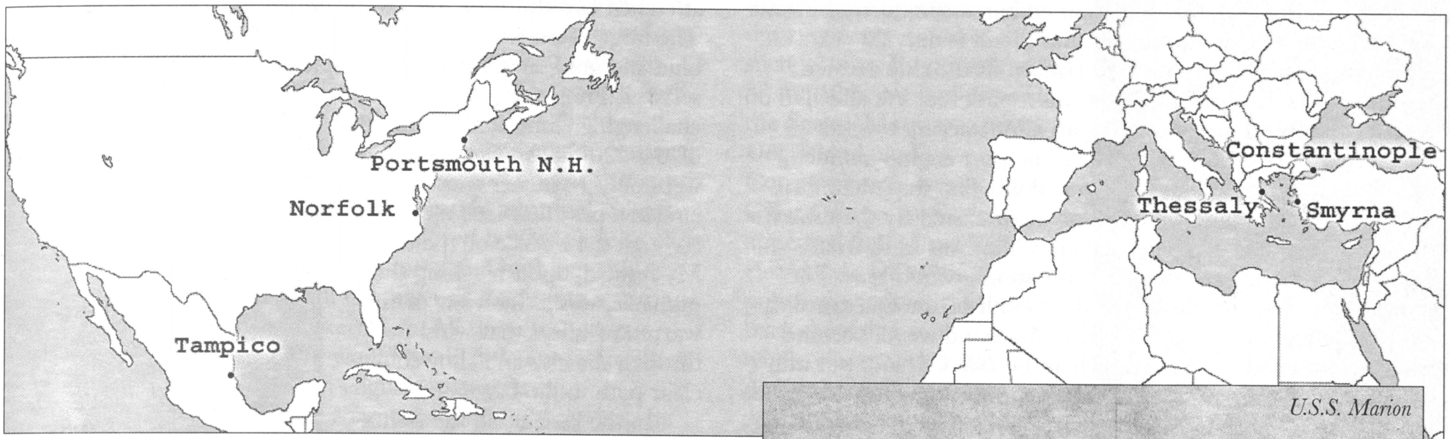


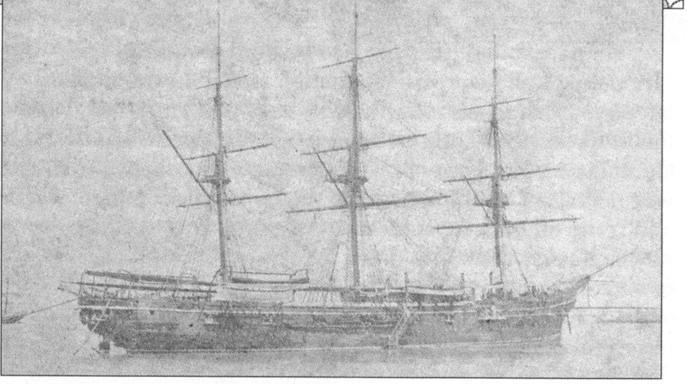
Robert Lee Burton Jr., 88, of Cambridge, MD, passed away at his home in Cambridge on Sunday, March 19, 2007. He was born in Cambridge on May 5, 1918, and was the eldest son of the late R. Lee and Lula Mumford Burton Sr. He pursued a career in education that was interrupted by his military service during World War II and later. He became an avid collector of local history material, authored the book *Canneries of the Eastern Shore* and wrote articles for the *Journal of the Maryland Token and Medal Society* of which he was a member. He left a generous bequest to the Nabb Center to be used to provide services to our researchers.

If you would like to find out how to include the Nabb Center in your estate planning, please contact Jason Curtin (jecurtin@salisbury.edu) at the Salisbury University Foundation, Inc. Please contact Dr. Ray Thompson, at the Nabb Center, about donating archival materials or artifacts.

The Stickney Log: An American Sailor on Horseback

By Dan Norris




U.S.S. Marion

In fall 2013, local resident Marion Cropper donated the original sea journals, photos and supporting documents of her grandfather, Allison Morris Stickney, to the Nabb Research Center. Mr. Stickney had enlisted aboard the *U.S.S. Marion* in Portsmouth, NH, on January 12, 1876. He had a European education, which appears to have influenced the 28-year-old machinist to volunteer for the ship's first Mediterranean cruise. Stickney kept an exhaustive record of his exploration of European and Turkish port cities during the brewing conflict between the Ottoman and Russian Empires, which culminated in the Russo-Turkish War. The *U.S.S. Marion* was ordered to the area to protect U.S. interests in the Mediterranean, a task that necessitated the formation of the U. S. Navy in 1798. Since that time, pirates from the Ottoman-sponsored Barbary States had continually threatened American shipping in the area until 1815, 10 years after Worcester County hero Stephen Decatur's naval engagement in Tripoli. This account of Stickney's travels strictly adheres to both his text and the voice of his journals, and while written in the first person by this author, the narration remains true to the context of documented historical events and to the actual log books themselves.

PORTSMOUTH – 1876

Ten years after fighting through to the end of Mr. Lincoln's War of the Rebellion, I find myself aboard a sloop-of-war in the United States Navy. She is the *U.S.S. Marion* and recently has been re-fitted with boilers and a propeller, in addition to her full complement of sails on three working masts. In the way of armament, the *Marion* carries a battery of six 9-inch Dahlgren guns and one 11-inch pivot gun. The 60-pound Parrott rifle mounted on deck has a reputation that arguably makes it more dangerous to the crew than to any adversary; however, its appearance is extremely intimidating. I have shipped on board as a machinist, to service the new steam engines and boilers that lie beneath the single exhaust stack, which crouches aft of the main mast following the ship's recent conversion. There is talk among the crew that we are headed for Europe, but that is yet to be seen.

By way of introduction, my name is Allison Morris Stickney, and I have been billeted to the ship's company in order to complement the *Marion's* modernized system of propulsion. In 1863, at the tender age of 16, I joined the Philadelphia Volunteer Cavalry after returning to the United States from our family's home in Belgium. My father opened a London arms factory with Colonel Sam Colt when I was six. Several years later, his advancing fortune in the vulcanized rubber industry took us to Belgium, where I continued my childhood education. I spent my teenage years fighting the rebellious American southerners with the Army of the Cumberland, under Colonel William Palmer. After surviving years of such protracted peril, I have undertaken to continue my exploration of the world beyond these contentious shores. The Navy, in all its sagacity, has agreed to a mutually advantageous contract, and I will stoke their ship's fires at sea, in order that I might explore such foreign ports as we may visit.

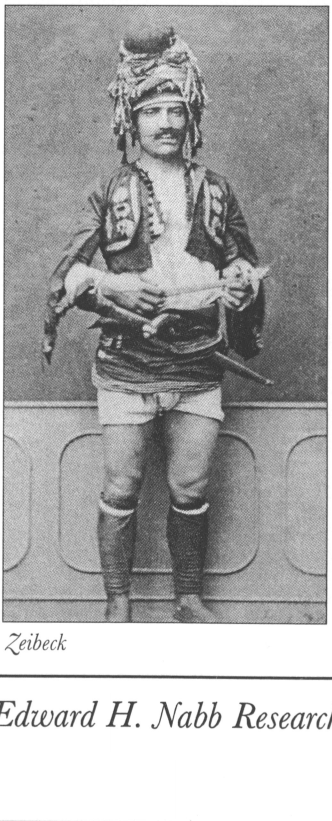
Allison Morris Stickney

The crew of the *U.S.S. Marion* has been transferred directly from the training ship, *U.S.S. Sabine* in

Portsmouth, NH, and is still getting used to its new vessel. On our third night out of that port, the buoy chain parted and we spent the entire day refloating the ship after drifting north on the tide and running aground on Pumpkin Island, just off the southern coast of Maine. It was an embarrassing turn of events for all hands. The lighthouse on that island is only 20 years old, although it must want for a new lantern as the ship's watch missed it entirely until our vessel was foundered. We also had our share of trouble in the engine room after steering toward southern waters. A cut-off valve on the port engine jammed, carrying away the eccentric strap and all. The ship, therefore, lost power during the worst part of a nor'easter. By the time we made Norfolk, 80 percent of the crew, that was fresh from Portsmouth, had been sea-sick in the rough winter seas. The crew spent a week of drilling at the mouth of the Chesapeake, while awaiting a berth at the Naval Yard, and we all became more accustomed to the ship. When the *U.S.S. Marion* put into the Norfolk Naval Yard, her machinery was repaired with all the finishing touches that were necessary, and we were ready for open water.

We have found the *Marion* to be both seaworthy and fast. Her sailing hull is surprisingly nimble under steam, making between 11 and 14 knots. She also does well under sail, when fuel is low or the winds are especially favorable. Our Commander Bradford appears to relish every chance to make way under sail, and I appreciate the opportunity to haul the fires and come on deck for some sun. Sea-sickness among the crew is much abated on our trip down the coast, although we continue to create mechanical problems where none had previously existed. A boiler drain-cock was left partially open and the water in several of the boilers got precariously low, necessitating the fires be hauled. In all the excitement of the near disaster, the convoy with which we were sailing outstripped us and we will have to catch them in the next port.

Our first orders at sea are to make for Tampico, Mexico, to deliver dispatches to the Admiral. Yaqui uprisings have the country in turmoil, and two of the ships that we have been sailing with, the *U.S.S. Huron* and the *U.S.S. Hartford*, are to be on station there to protect American interests. After performing our duty in the Gulf of Mexico, we received the orders that I have so anxiously awaited, we are sailing for the mother country. I looked longingly toward the vanishing shore of the Florida Keys and prayed that providence would return us to our American hearths and homes. "May God prosper the *Marion*." On July 18 of 1876, we sighted land and moored in the Tagus River where it leads toward Lisbon. We have begun our European tour and I have undertaken to record my journeys into the European ports as they might be of interest to my family and heirs.



Zeibeck

SMYRNA – 1877

During an abbreviated visit to Smyrna in 1876, I gained admittance to the interior of a mosque backed by the powerful influence of a little *baksheesh.* The building itself was circular, with a roof that consisted of a series of small domes surmounted with a large one. A number of the "faithful" were washing their feet in the pretty fountain that faced the entrance before they entered the temple of their prophet. Inside, the domed roof was supported by a succession of pillars that stretched two-thirds of the way around a frescoed auditorium. The large room was unfurnished, except for an ornate pulpit of blue and gold, and a tall dais occupied by the Pasha during services. From there, I made the challenging climb to the pinnacle of the 200-foot minaret. Its steps were only 18 inches wide and circled a post that rose up through the middle of the tower. My reward, upon reaching the pinnacle, was a fine view of the warren of alleys that wind through the city and showed a clear path to the bazaar.

Burden Carrier

In the bazaar, all the riches of the East are displayed in small square booths. Vendors puff calmly away at the flexible stems of *narghiles* until such time as a customer stops to examine their goods. There are Persian carpets, camel hair shawls, silks embroidered with gold and silver, and all the sundries one could imagine. The greatest curiosities of this place, however, are the porte-faix. One can imagine Samson carrying the Gates of Gaza upon his shoulders to picture these burden carriers and their enormous strength. Alongside the abundance of the bazaar, are all the hands outstretched for alms; to supply them, all one would require are the services of one of the strongest porte-faix to carry the multitude of piasters necessary. Along the waterfront, a French entrepreneur has built a splendid quay that has become a promenade. In the evening, thousands of the French and Italian-speaking inhabitants of the fine, waterfront residences gather to eat ices, drink beer, and listen to German and Russian bands in the cafes. My impression, during this initial visit, was of a prosperous and bustling city.

We returned to the Aegean coast of Turkey this year, and I again disembarked from the *U.S.S. Marion* to sight-see in the port city of Smyrna. Like the rest of the Ottoman Empire, the city is now preparing for a fight with the Russians. Five-hundred Zeibeks were marching in the street, volunteers raised from the surrounding district. These colorful, though intimidating, soldiers are traditional local fighters. The ones we saw are approximately 6 feet in height, good looking and appear physically fit. Said to be the best of soldiers in a protracted fight, they are able to subsist on less food than any other human being. These men, however, are not trained modern soldiers, like the Russian troops whom they intend to oppose. Their weapons look as if they came from a museum and would be worth more to an antique arms dealer than an army.

A fair example of one of these men was broad-shouldered and muscular with a heavy mustache and shaved skull. He wore pointed slippers that curled up at the toes, and I was amazed to see that they could walk in them, much less run. Leggings extended up to bare knees and short baggy calico pants. A long sash was wound around the waist from hip to chest with two oriental swords thrust through the wrappings. The swords had ivory or bone hilts inlaid with gold and silver, and they were sheathed in silver scabbards. Over this, he wore a wide leather pouch for money, tobacco and rations. Behind it were thrust two flintlock horse pistols and several elaborately mounted knives. Tucked into the sash was a brightly colored-bodice under a short jacket that came halfway down the torso and had long, blousy sleeves. He wore a 20-inch-tall fez that was made into a turban by wrapping it with silk handkerchiefs. All these trappings created a fearsome effect, but would be of little consequence or protection against the modern engines of warfare.

Local Christians are also volunteering to fight against the Russians, who claim to be invading on their behalf. Since all this preparation for war has brought commerce to a standstill, saddle horses for excursions are to be had at very reasonable rates. We rode out to a small town east of Smyrna and saw caravans of camels led trudging along the road by their drivers mounted on donkeys. Other camels fed around tents pitched under clusters of trees, while their dusky drivers basked in the sun. Railroad stations here are the modern equivalent of an oasis in the midst of this nomadic landscape. A large grove in the back of this town's station offered a cool shade for relaxing, with the smoke of a *narghile* and the restorative refreshments available in the station.

Syrian Smoker

The streets of the town are bordered with stone walls. Behind these walls, large courtyards surround the houses of merchants and other rich men of Smyrna who live here in the summer. Through barred gates in the walls, we can see elaborate flowering gardens and gravel-paths that lead into tasteful houses with their doors and windows thrown open to the breeze. Inhabited mostly by Christians, these houses overlooked the bay in the distance, which was full of men of war and other shipping. The view was charming, due to the distance at which the evidence of a brewing conflict was held. We also had a wonderful time racing and jumping the horses, although we had to return to the ship and head for Constantinople on the following day.

CONSTANTINOPLE – 1877

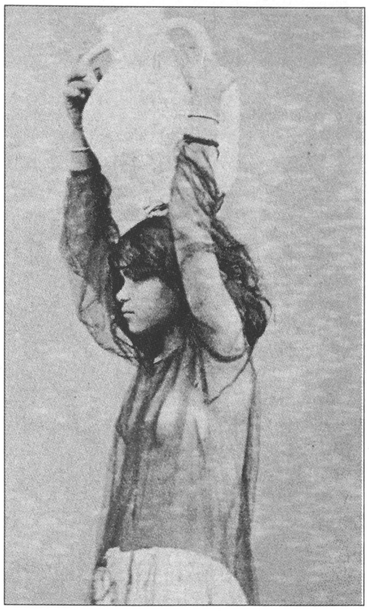
On July 9, we steamed into the Dardanelles; Europe to the port and Asia on our starboard. In the narrows of Sharnac, heavy batteries of Krupp guns occupied both of the shores. Heading for Gallipoli, we passed seven Turkish transport-ships, escorted by two ironclad rams with bows designed for up-close destruction of wooden ships such as ours. By the morning of the 10th, we had crossed the Sea of Marmara, past Dog Island, and Constantinople was in sight. Gilded domes and minarets appeared first as the fog cleared. As we sailed closer, polished windows reflected back the rising sun, and the whole city sparkled like a drawing from the *Arabian Nights.* The Bosphorus was clear of most commercial shipping, indicative of the effect that the war in the Balkans was having on this busy port. The *U.S.S. Dispatch* was in the Golden Horn along with war ships from France, England, Italy and Austria. A large line of Turkish battle ships was sealing off the passage to the Black Sea.

Circassian

Constantinople is packed with soldiers and half-civilized volunteers such as the Zeibeks, Bachi Bazouks, and Circassians from the north. Many Greeks are also in the city and have an even worse reputation for theft and murder. The police, however, are well organized and armed with American repeating rifles, which keep Christians protected. There are military and naval schools, as well as colleges of medicine and hospitals, throughout the city. Between the regular army and the ethnic volunteers swelling their ranks from the interior of Turkey, the Mussulmen are withstanding the onslaught of the Russian colossus that was deemed so powerful by the West.

Turkish Lady

In spite of rumors of Muslim intolerance, priests and monks and nuns tramp about the city in cowls and robes, and they blend in with the myriad ethnicities and their strange mixture of costumes. The leading men of the city have adopted European fashion, although they still adhere to the fez. Middle and lower-classes wear the many styles and colors of the national dress, which vary according to occupation and religion. All women are in the old style of dress made of fine silks in brilliant colors. The women wear veils that are so thin they enhance the beauty of pretty women very much. The swirl of water-carriers, and flower girls, and beggars and horses, makes for a combination of sights



Water Carrier

and sounds I have never before witnessed.

The streets, however, are narrow, dirty, badly paved and overrun with dogs. They lie about the streets during the day, mangy and disturbed by nothing other than horses' hooves. At night, they are the scavengers of the city and clean their districts of the offal left by its two- legged inhabitants. Surprisingly, the dogs adhere to self-imposed districts, and if some poor cur happens to stray from his particular street, the other dogs of the invaded quarter will set upon him and drive him from one district to the next, raising much hue and cry until he reaches "home." In some past generation, the noise of these dogs saved Constantinople from invasion, and in reward for their service, no Turk of the city will kill a dog. Their numbers increase with such rapidity that every June many of the dogs are captured and taken to Dog Island, where the dogs hold sway over all. There is nothing on that island, however, except for the picked bones from previous colonies of dogs. The strongest feed on the weak until there is but one poor dog left who must either eat himself or starve. By August, the island is once again deserted.

Although we could hardly walk the pavement for its disrepair, Constantinople has horses for hire on almost every street and I soon mounted a fine Arabian. We set out under the guidance of a dragoman and crossed the Stamboul Bridge, rode along the wooded hills, past princely residences and ancient towers of the Bosphorus toward the Black Sea. We rode past an aqueduct constructed by Constantine, the palaces that house the English and Austrian embassies, and a small mosque said to be built on the tomb of Abraham. The frowning battlements of an old castle are clear-cut against the sky where the once powerful Janissaries had their stronghold. After the annihilation of this corps, unsatisfied with their vengeance, the new government disgraced the resting places of the Janissaries. Graves are held in great veneration by Muslims and they abound in Constantinople. The pillar that is erected over a man's grave is always surmounted by a carved fez or turban. The shape and size of that headgear reveals the deceased's position, from priest to soldier, and their station in life. No greater insult can be given to a Turk than to desecrate a grave. Knowing this, one can always tell where the graves of Janissaries are by the numbers of decapitated stone turbans that are lying about the grounds.

Traveling back south, we ride into the half-mile-wide valley of the Sweet Waters of Europe, where the rapids of a rushing creek flow through lush fields and shade trees. Farms are scattered about the valley with herds of cattle and horses roaming the valley between barren, brown hills that border the paradise. The valley begins and ends with extravagant palaces surrounded by grand parks, home to mosaic-covered kiosks in rainbow colors at their entrances. Passing through the last kiosk, with several elaborate kaiks floating on its miniature lake, we rode through Marshalac, then back to the Bosphorus, and crossed to Scutari. The steamers that cross the channel are segregated by a screen on the main deck, so that no man should ever come into contact with a lady. When we came ashore, I was accosted by a motley crew of horsemen, all vying to put me astride a mount for my excursion into Asia.

After a two hours' ride past the historic English Crimean cemetery, which resides in the shadow of the Florence Nightingale hospital, I came upon an Armenian burial ground. From the heights we could see from the Black Sea down the Bosphorus to the Golden Horn and Constantinople in all its glory. Turning, my gaze swept along the vast, rich plains of Northern Asia and a chain of mountains as far as the eye can see. Overlooking it all, were hundreds of tombs, large slabs laid atop 3-foot-high brick basements. Lemonade, cake and nut vendors had converted the tombs into stores. Some became tables set for elaborate luncheons, while others were lounges for lovers to whisper and coo. On yet others, persons were quietly stretched out in the arms of Morpheus. In short, the grave was the Sunday pleasure spot and it resounded with laughter and song.

As we ride back to the ship, I think should these honest and frugal people be allowed to govern themselves under their new constitution, they will no doubt take a proud position among the nations of the earth.

Armenian

THESSALY – 1878

I came on deck the morning of April 7 and was greeted by a clear, Aegean sky over a sea dotted with legions of islands to our north. Smoke from two ships was visible over our bow, marring the beauty of the scene. Although their hulls were barely visible, the crew believes them to be Turkish men of war speeding toward the coast because of the heavy, black smoke they emit, indicative of the quality of fuel used by the Turkish Navy. As the day wore on to afternoon, we followed the ships into Thessaly, on the southwestern coast of Turkey. Villages were sprinkled along the rugged hills and mountain sides as we passed a grim-looking Turkish ironclad steamer, guarding the coast and bay to our north.

After passing a large bay on our starboard, which extends to the south of the port city of Volo, we steamed into a quiet bay on the northeast coast of Greece. The houses of the sleepy town of Manyelo were clustered at the foot of the bay, but its appearances were deceiving. Yesterday a Turkish ironclad attempted to shell the town and was driven off by English and French warships that were in the port of Volo. The Turks were

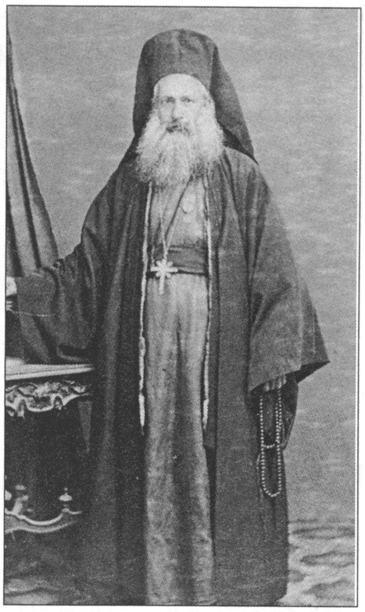
Candiot Patriot

targeting the 1,500 Greek volunteers who are camped here to resist incursions from Turkish troops to the north. The *U.S.S. Marion's* task, positioned between these two warring states, is to pick up an American who has requested rescue from the fighting. His fears appeared to be justified when an English journalist for the *Times*, named Ogle, was found murdered and his head appeared the next day impaled on a pole outside the walls of the Turkish section of Volo. This is likely the work of the Bashi-Bazouks, who have been reported in the area. As unpaid irregulars in the Turkish Army, they have a reputation for such bloodthirsty acts during their looting. Hopefully, we will find the American in the larger port of Volo.

Today, we returned east into the port of Volos; a city that has been split into Greek and Turkish halves. A Turkish man-of-war met us with warnings of the torpedo-style mines that the Turks had laid in the harbor and piloted us safely to our mooring. The Turkish part of the city is surrounded by walls and battlements at the foot of the bay while the Greek town is built along the picturesque mountainside that comes down to the bay. Once again, we have just missed the fighting. Three days ago the Turkish army, backed by ironclads shelling the mountains, drove Greek insurgents away from the coast. Now, however, all is quiet and we have found the American citizen and his family. Since the violence seems to wait for our absence, the *U.S.S. Marion* will remain in Volo until a French mail ship arrives that will transport the Americans to the port of Pireaus, just south of Athens.

Albanian

We offered asylum to four Greek fighters who came on board after they were abandoned by their captain in the mountains. From their haggard appearance, it is little wonder that the Turks are able to readily defeat them. The very next day, two troop carriers under ironclad escort brought 7,000 regular Turkish troops into the harbor. They disembarked with horses and artillery throughout the day and filled the beach with tents and industry, where there had previously been only rain and sand. Rumors of upcoming fighting abound, but our duties lie elsewhere after the mail ship picked up the American family. On the 12th of April, we weighed anchor and sailed away from the fight. On our way out of port, we met the English corvette *H.M.S. Ruby* carrying the commission to investigate Mr. Ogle's murder. I wish them the best of luck, but am not hopeful after experiencing the turmoil along the Greek border.



Greek Patriarch

Providence seems to agree that we are well away from the Mediterranean, as we carried all sails most of the day in a fair breeze. We are headed for the west coast of Africa, as Commander Bradford has been appointed Chief U.S. Commissioner to settle boundary issues in the new country of Liberia. After hurried coaling and repairs in the port of Villefranche, we steam through the Gulf of Lyons, which is notorious for bad weather poised to shake up any vessels that traverse the bay. The fates continued to smile on us, however, and King Neptune allowed us to pass unmolested. Once again, we were able to set all sails "up to the royals," except in the morning's heavy fog, when we had to use our own steam whistle to warn other vessels in our vicinity. As we came close to the Strait of Gibraltar at night, we could see the lights of both Europe and Africa. The fog at day break was so thick that we had to stop and continue to blast the whistle until nine o'clock, when the Rock rose out of the fog and we steamed into port.

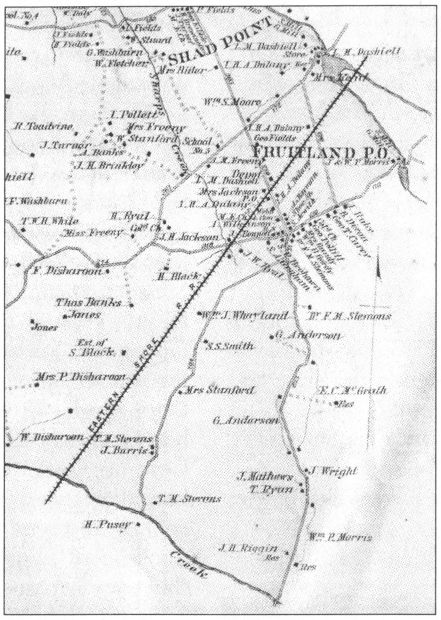
The *H.M.S. Sultan* sailed out of port the day of our arrival. Before departing, they passed the news to us that the English government would not be prepared to act in the Liberian affair for two months. Consequently, we are liable to lay here for a long time. The Rock is often referred to by old writers as one of the "Pillars of Hercules," but I am only familiar with its history since the Moorish chief Tarik occupied the Rock in the year 711. The Rock was then christened Tarik's Hill or "Gebel-Tarik" and doubtless was then corrupted to Gibraltar as it became a Spanish possession once again. I am looking forward to my time ashore, refreshing my knowledge of the city's history and its present-day wonders.

Dan Norris, an English major, interned at the Nabb Center in fall 2013. He graduated from Salisbury University in May. He writes about the historical adventures of sailors, watermen and pirates, and he hopes to pursue a writing career on the Eastern Shore.

Memories of Fruitland, Maryland

By William S. Moore III

This article, written by Moore (1903-1998) in 1987, was found in the William S. Moore Collection at the Nabb Center. It has been reproduced as it was written by him, expressing his memories and opinions.



Trappe District from 1877 Atlas showing families living in district, including Moore and Dulany families.

What is now known as the incorporated town of Fruitland, located about three miles south of Salisbury, the county seat of Wicomico County, MD, began to form in the early 1800s. It was first known as Disharoon's Crossroads. About 1820, the name was changed to Forktown.

The Crossroads and original settlement are believed to be where Main and Division streets cross. This was a stop on the stagecoach road, which originated in Accomac, VA, and I believe proceeded through Pocomoke, Eden, Meadow Bridge, Forktown and north up Division Street to Salisbury and on into Delaware terminating in Philadelphia, PA. It was so named because of the fork in the road.

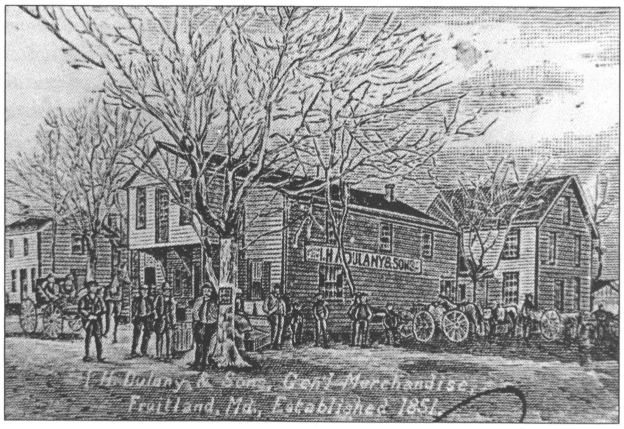
I believe there was, on the southeast corner of the Crossroads, a hostelry, tavern and stables. Such accommodations were necessary for an overnight stop. The coach changed horses the next day, and the horses that brought it here took a south-bound coach to the next stop after a few hours of rest.

In my younger years, I remember the family of Mr. Pen Carey lived in a house in the southeast corner, which was thought to be part of the old hotel. I remember he had a son about my age who settled in Detroit, MI, and I remember seeing him only once since then.

Shortly after the Civil War, the present railroad was built about one-half mile to the east of the crossroads and a station established on the north side of what is now Main Street. The railroad people wanted a new name and, after suggestions and much discussion, Fruitland was agreed upon. Because of the many strawberries, blackberries, huckleberries, and other fruits and vegetables grown in the area, it seemed an appropriate name. Officially, the name change occurred in April 1873.

Because of the location of the railroad, the area between the crossroads and the railroad station began to develop and build up and eventually became the principal part of what is now Main Street.

With the decline in importance of the railroad and the increase in the use of automobile and truck transportation, an interstate highway was built in the early 1940s running, for the most part, parallel to the railroad. As I remember, one lane was constructed prior to World War II, but the second lane had to wait until after the war. This caused businesses to develop along both sides of the highway with a lessening of activity on Main Street.


I. H. DULANY & SONS
I. H. Dulany, & Sons, Gen'l Merchandise, Fruitland, Md., Established 1851.

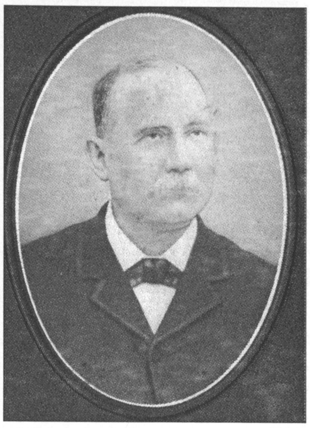
Incidentally, our family home was located about 100 yards west of the railroad on the south side of Main Street. It is the house in which my brother, two sisters and I were born and raised. The house had to be torn down to build the southbound lane of Route 13.

In 1947, Fruitland was incorporated as a town and, of course, had its own government. I'm pleased to note that one of three original Commissioners was my cousin, Richard N. Carey. A new charter in 1975 made it a city. It is my opinion that it has been run very capably and efficiently. All the residents take great pride in being a part of it and electing people to office.

Fruitland did not have electricity until 1917 or 1918. It was extended from Salisbury. Up until that time there were a few Delco Plants that provided electricity. We had a carbide plant that was very dangerous. (A man in Shad Point had a leg blown off after he went into a house where the generator was leaking and an explosion occurred.) Most people used coal lamps. In 1921, eight streetlights were installed on Main Street. Since there was no town government, some merchants and individuals assumed payment for the electricity.

The Bank of Fruitland was organized and established on March 8, 1911, and my father was its first president. The Long family took a great interest in the bank, and several members were officers and directors over the years. One of the younger members of the family [John B. Long II] is now president. It is an understatement to say that it has also been run very capably and efficiently. Its growth and influence for good have been phenomenal. Larger banks have tried to buy it and make it a part of their system. It has two branches in Salisbury, and one in Princess Anne. It is hard to believe its growth.

Schools and education have been an interest of mine. My mother, Lavinia V. (Ackworth) Moore, graduated from Salisbury High School in 1892 and taught school in the county until she married in 1900. I recently gave her teaching certificate to the Wicomico Historical Society, which has it in their school building on the Pemberton School grounds. In order to attend high school, she had to walk or drive a horse. Her younger sister did the same except she could ride a bicycle part of the time as the road had been shelled.


William S. Moore I

The first schoolhouse in Fruitland was the usual red house on the hill. It was located on the Allen-Princess Anne Road about one-half mile south of Moore's Corner. Another school in the area of Fruitland, known as Bussells School, was located off what is now Jackson Road. My mother taught there, and in the fall and spring, she drove a horse to get there and back. In the bad weather of winter, she boarded with a neighbor. A new one-room building was constructed, I believe, in this same location, in about 1905 or 1906 and named Mount Holly School.

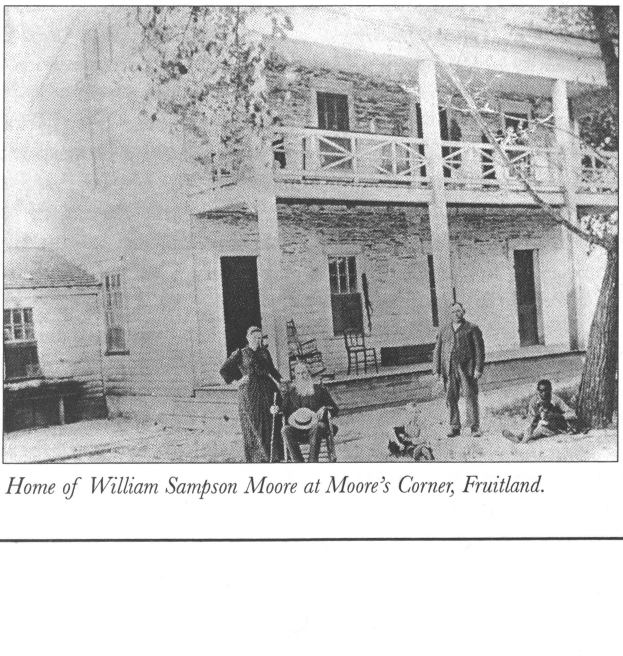
Around the turn of the century, a school was built on Meadow Bridge Road (now Main and Brown streets). Later, another room was added and still later the third room. This is where I went to school, and for a few years prior to 1916, the three teachers taught nine grades. In 1916, when I was ready for the eighth grade, the authorities decided that eighth and ninth grade students should go to the Wicomico High School in Salisbury. I think there were three of us – two boys and one girl – who went to school there. There was a public bus line from Crisfield to Salisbury that we rode and the county paid our fare. This was a forerunner of the school bus system, and I claim I am the first bus student in Wicomico County. I graduated from high school in 1920.

In 1937, a new modern school building was constructed on the south side of Main Street between the railroad and Moore's Corner. This building was for white children and served a much wider area.

The first colored school was built about 1907 on what is now known as Division Street near Slab Bridge Road. About 1910 or 1911, another school was built on the west side of what is now Morris Street and the first school was razed. In 1954, a new and modern school was built on the south side of Division Street, a short distance north of Main Street. The black children went to school there.

After the 1954 decision of the Supreme Court [Brown v. Board of Education], it was necessary to integrate the schools. I was appointed to the school board in 1959 by Governor Tawes and was made its president. It fell my lot to be involved in this undertaking that was mandated by law. We had no choice. We were the first county on the Shore to begin the process. We felt that if we did it voluntarily, rather than have the Federal Department of Education, the Attorney General's Office or a federal judge tell us what to do, we could get a result that would be better.

We started in Salisbury, and when we got to Fruitland, Superintendent Royd Mahaffy suggested we pair the two Fruitland schools. This plan had all children, white and black, attend kindergarten through third grade, at the Division Street School and all children in the fourth through seventh grades go to the Main Street School. Naturally, some parents protested. Something had to be done and I believe this plan was the best of the options. I certainly hope most people feel that way. As a sidelight, I received an anonymous letter telling me that my mother and father were such nice people they could not understand what had happened to me.


Home of William Sampson Moore at Moore's Corner, Fruitland.

St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church was built about 1850. Mr. Robert H. Ellegood of the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church of Salisbury was instrumental in convincing certain people that a Methodist church was needed in Forktown, resulting in the erection of the present building on the south side of Main Street. In 1916, the building was remodeled. In 1937, an addition and more remodeling was done to the church and in 1958, a major addition was added. This church has a very lively and active congregation. Around 1920, the Christian Church was built on the north side of Main Street a little to the west of the Methodist Church.

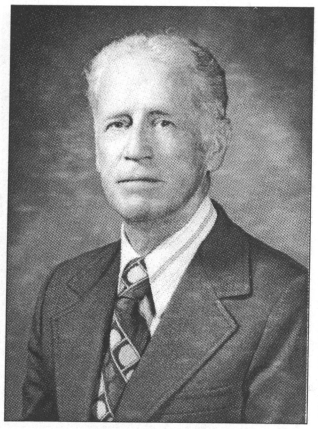
The canning and frozen food industries have been major businesses in Fruitland. In the very early years of the 20th century, I.H.A. Dulany started a tomato-canning factory. At his death, John H. Dulany, one of his sons, took over the canning business. He worked diligently to expand it in other lines and was successful with sweet potatoes and a few other vegetables. In 1925, John Dulany died and his only child, Ralph O. Dulany, after some interruptions, took ownership with his mother.

Ralph Dulany was a real pioneer in the frozen foods business and it grew into a very big operation with units in Norfolk and several towns on the Eastern Shore in all three states. In 1930, or thereabout, Clarence Birdseye discovered or developed the quick-freeze method of preserving fruits and vegetables. Dulany got into this business very early and sold his products under the Birdseye label for a time. Then he developed his own label and sales force. He was very successful in this and had established important sales outlets in much of the eastern part of the United States.

In his later years, he sold his canning and frozen food business to other large companies. The operations at Fruitland were later closed down completely and the property is now owned by Richard Carey Jr., the son of one of the first Commissioners of the Town when it was incorporated. He has a big warehouse operation.

My father, the second William S. Moore, and Mr. Jeff Staton of Salisbury started a tomato-canning factory. Some years later, string beans were added, but no effort was made to increase it beyond that. Mr. Staton died in 1917 and my father had two other partners but only for a short time. My mother took a very active part in all phases of the business. In 1938, my parents decided that they were too old to continue and shut the plant down and sold the machinery. The tomato canning factories were disappearing for several reasons.

Mr. Staton and my father were also partners in the produce business. They had a very profitable operation in putting strawberries in barrels. They contracted with farmers to grow the strawberries. In the early harvest, they would ship them to the cities on the open market in refrigerated cars. When the market went down to where the strawberries were more valuable in barrels, they had the growers require the pickers to remove the caps.


William S. Moore III (author of article)

When the strawberries were brought to the plant, they were dumped on a moving belt that jostled them about. There were water sprayers above that cleaned them. The strawberries were dumped in a barrel at the end of the belt. One hundred pounds of sugar was slowly let into the barrel by a chute from above. While being filled, the barrel was on a rocker and rocked the entire time in order to distribute the sugar as evenly as possible. After being sealed shut, the barrels were put in refrigerator cars and shipped to Boston.

One interesting thing about that operation was the fact that the product was sold to a certain firm in Boston in advance and a representative came here each year to see that it was done exactly as his company wanted. He stayed at the Peninsula Hotel in Salisbury, rented a horse and buggy from a livery stable, and commuted to Fruitland. He put his horse up in the Moore barn for the day and ate the noonday meal with the Moores. This was very profitable.

My father also was a very big landowner and farmer who operated on the landlord-tenant basis, he being the landlord. The lumber crate band basket business was very important. Mr. I.H. A. Dulany had a sawmill at the turn of the century. Later a Mr. Alan Benjamin and Dr. S.A. Graham, both of Salisbury, started a finished lumber crate and basket factory. Something happened to this business and the Long Brothers, primarily Brice and Conrad, took over the operation. Fire destroyed everything in 1939 and they established a new operation on the west side Route 13 near the Tony Tank stream. Somewhere along the way, lumber came to be used less for crates and baskets. Paper took the place of wood in crates and, to some extent, baskets. So, the Long Brothers Company no longer made them. Long Brothers sold the business to a group of local people who operated it for some years. They in turn sold it to Masten's, who shut the facility down and used it as one of their sales yards. There were many stores of many kinds that served the community and surrounding territories for many years.

Holly, whose botanical name is *Ilex Opaca*, is a tree with red berries on the females. The leaves are very green and just before the turn of the century holly gained reputation as a very decorative item, especially for Christmas. As the demand grew, it became a very profitable crop for farmers. It grows best in a swamp or very wetland nearby. The female does not produce very many berries in certain years and then artificial berries have to be used. The result is not as good and they do not bring as high a price in the market.

Well before Christmas, the farmers went into the swamps and woods to gather the branches by the wagonload. They brought them to the house where the female members of the family fastened it to a round wooden hoop placing a few bunches of berries around the wreath. They were very pretty, but like many other things, they required too much labor and there are not very many holly wreaths made now.

Fruitland was the center of this activity on the Lower Shore. Farmers sold them by means of a public auction on three Saturdays in December. The farmers with their wagons loaded with wreaths would drive through a shed where an auctioneer would sell them on bids of the buyers who would put them in big boxes and ship them to nearby cities for the retail trade. Norman W. Carey was the principal buyer. He had two sons, Richard N. and Louis M., who were associated in the produce and farmer supply business. Holly was sold in a few other places, but I was always told this market at Fruitland was the largest by far.

Some holly was shipped just as it was cut from the trees to be used as decorations. Mistletoe, another swamp plant, grew quite abundantly and was harvested by farmers and sold the same way.

No story on the history of Fruitland by me would be complete without including a few paragraphs on my grandfather, the first William S. Moore. He was born October 24, 1839. His father was John E. Moore who died when my grandfather was a young boy. He had several brothers and sisters. My grandfather married Laura Griffin and they had two sons. They were John E. Moore, who was named for his grandfather and second, William S. Moore. I am the third and my son is the fourth. He first went to work for Mr. Levin Dashiell in his general store at Tony Tank.

My grandfather left Mr. Dashiell and went into farming and politics. I consider he was quite successful in both. He lived in one corner of the intersection of what is now Camden Avenue and Main Street, Fruitland. Ever since then, it has been known as Moore's Corner. He owned the land in three of the corners, which was at least 300 or 400 acres as well as several other farms. The house still stands.

Wicomico County was formed in 1867 and my grandfather was elected the second sheriff of the county. He was elected sheriff two more terms. In 1884, 1891 and 1897, he was elected to the legislature and was a close friend of Governor E. E. Jackson. He was appointed oyster inspector in Baltimore under Governor Brown and appointed deputy in the Sub-Treasury, Baltimore, by President Cleveland. He served on important Congressional, judicial and state conventions.

My grandfather died November 7, 1905, when I was 2 ½ years old. The expressions of sympathy and condolences were outstanding. The obituary states that he was widely beloved and known as Uncle Billy Moore. In our family Bible is a handwritten letter by Governor E.E. Jackson to my grandmother extending to her his sympathy and stating that my grandfather was one of his closest and best friends. The obituary also stated that the funeral was one of the largest in the history of Wicomico County and that the funeral procession was one-half mile long consisting of carriages.

Moore was a distinguished veteran of World War II and a community leader in Wicomico County. It is likely that Mr. Moore contributed this article to Ethel G. Conley for her book *A Short History of Fruitland, Maryland*. You can also read more about Fruitland and the Dulany family in T*he Dulanys of Fruitland: The Story of a Delmarva Peninsula Family* by Ralph Dulany.

Names and Naming Patterns of Land Tracts in Old Somerset County, Maryland

By G. Ray Thompson, Ph.D.

Several years ago, Wilmer Lankford, a local history researcher, undertook a serious study of the naming patterns of the tracts in Old Somerset County, MD. In his study, he used the *Rent Rolls of Somerset County, 1663-1723*, as well as CFW Smith's *A Genealogical Gazetteer of England.*

According the Archives of Maryland Online: "The rent rolls and debt books are the books in which the Lord Proprietor kept track of the rents due him. Each piece of land granted to a person was subject to a yearly rent according to the terms in the patent. A rent roll consists of entries of each tract of land patented plus the name of the person for whom it was originally surveyed, the present owner and the acreage and rent." The *Genealogical Gazetteer of England* is an alphabetical dictionary of places with their location, ecclesiastical jurisdiction, population, and the date of the earliest entry in the registers of every ancient parish in England and can be a valuable resource when researching English connections.

Next, Lankford took Gust Skordas' *The Early Settlers of Maryland*, an index to names of immigrants compiled from records of land patents, 1633-1680, and tried to determine the places of their origins from the names of the properties they held.

Finally, Lankford examined the monograph of Harry W. Newman, *To Maryland from Overseas: A complete digest of the Jacobite Loyalists sold into white slavery in Maryland and the British and Continental background of approximately 1400 Maryland settlers from 1634 to the early Federal period with source documentation* and discovered the places of origin in England from which certain Somerset settlers had come as identified by Newman.

Then Lankford looked at the names of the tracts to see what information he could glean from them. He determined that there were primarily eight different types of tract names, viz.

(1) those incorporating the name of the owner, such as Jones' Lott, Bloyce's Hope.
(2) those incorporating some sort of evaluation of the land, such as Ignoble Quarter, Good for Nothing.
(3) those incorporating geographical or ecological references, such as Black Ridge, Timber Quarter, Island, Den, Wolf's Pit.
(4) those incorporating emotional references, such as William's Hope, Chance, Adventure, Folly, First Choice, Resolution, What You Like.
(5) those incorporating a place name from the old country, such as Coventry, Kent, Kilkenny.
(6) those incorporating various miscellaneous terms, such as Purchase, Lott, Gift, Town, Den
(7) those incorporating a combination of the above, such as Adam's Choice.
(8) Those incorporating Indian names, such as Aquintico, Quindocqua.

He divided England geographically into five regions:

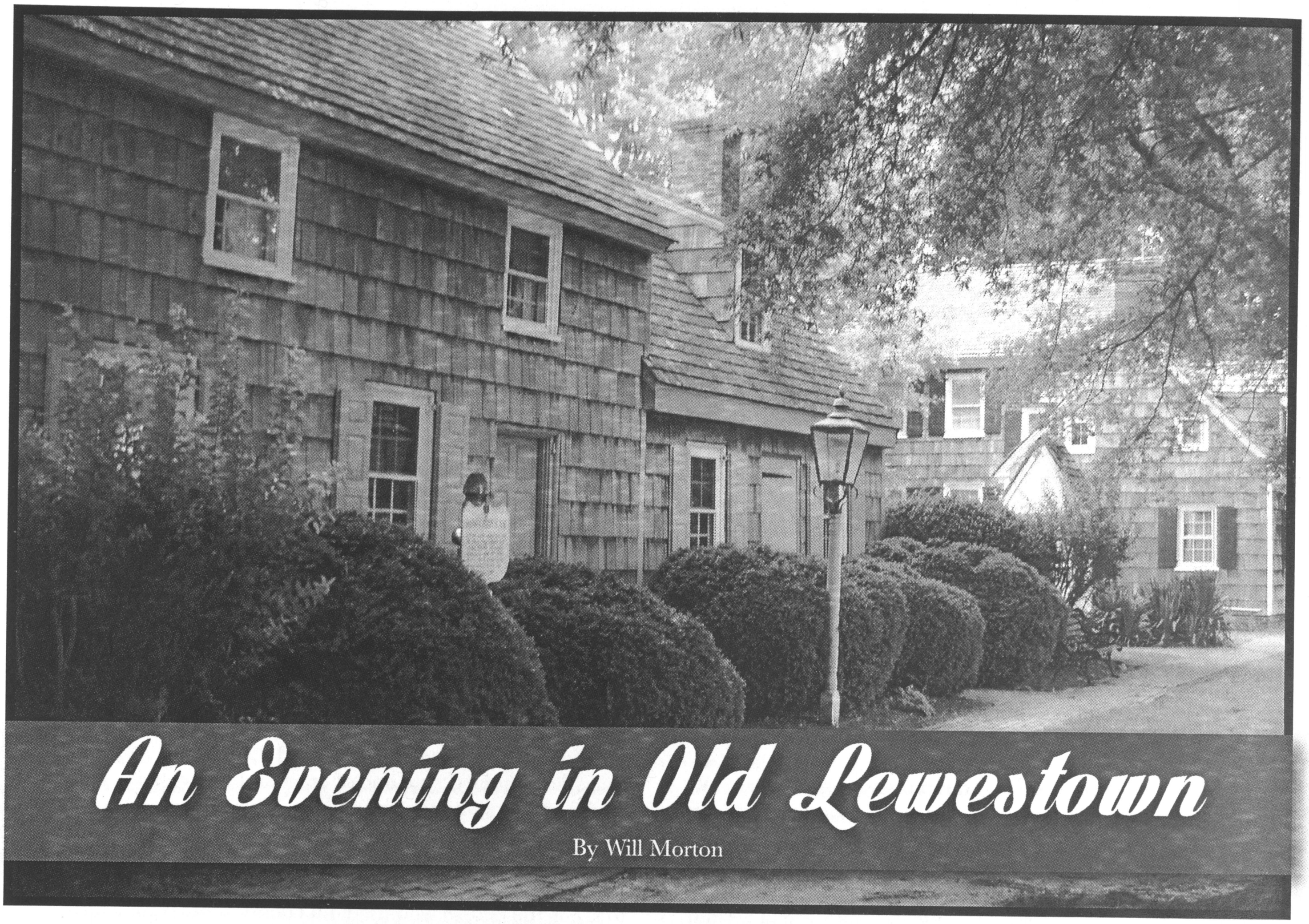
(1) London and the Home Counties–including Kent, Surry, Bucks, Herts and Essex.
(2) East Anglia–Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Hunts.
(3) South and West–Sussex, Harts, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon and Cornwall.
(4) Central and South–Oxon, Gloucester, Herefordshire, Worcestershire, Shropshire, Warwick, N. Hants, Rutland, Leicester, Stafford, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, Berkshire.
(5) Central and North–Lancaster, Lincoln, Yorkshire, West Midlands, Durham, Cumberland, Northumberland.

Lankford did an every-name analysis of the tract names of properties in the Somerset County, MD Rent Rolls and compared those to tract names in England as found in the *Genealogical Gazetteer of England.* Presumably, Lankford was interested in tracing the origins of Somerset County residents and felt that if he could locate corresponding property names in England, he might be able to deduce from what areas in England Old Somerset County residents had come. He computed how many tracts carried old country (English) references. In his study, he examined 2,142 tracts of land. These tracts he identified by name of tract and name of the individual who owned/rented the given tracts. Then he created an index of counties showing the names of tracts and the number of individuals in each county. His purpose was to correlate the names by date. He then examined the earliest settlers of Virginia to see if the people who used old country names may have been primarily newcomers. In this study, he separated out Colonel William Stevens who was one of the most important "land agents" who surveyed and made available the land to Eastern Shore residents.

Lankford's study indicated that there were 25 names (or 11.9%) of the group of names that were from London and the surrounding area. He identified 13 (6.2%) as having come from East Anglia. Thirty-six names (17.1%) were identified as coming from the south and west of England, while 51 (24.3%) were identified as coming from the south and central part of England. Finally, he saw 27 names (12.8%) that came from the North Country. Only 11 names were too mixed to identify with any certainty with a specific area in England. He also indicated that Wales had 18 place names or 8.6% of the total number of tract names. Scotland had 20 or 9.5%, while Ireland had 17 or 8.1%. France, Holland and the Channel Islands each had one name, and the total of these three together was 1.4% of the total grouping.

The resources Lankford used, along with the conclusions he drew from his research, could be useful when tracking early ancestors back to "the home country."

Wilmer Lankford (1920-2002) compiled and published several books that include: *Court Records of Somerset County, Maryland, 1733 Tax List Somerset County, Maryland*, and the four volume series *They Lived in Somerset*. Much of his research is preserved in our archives.



An Evening in Old Lewestown

By Will Morton

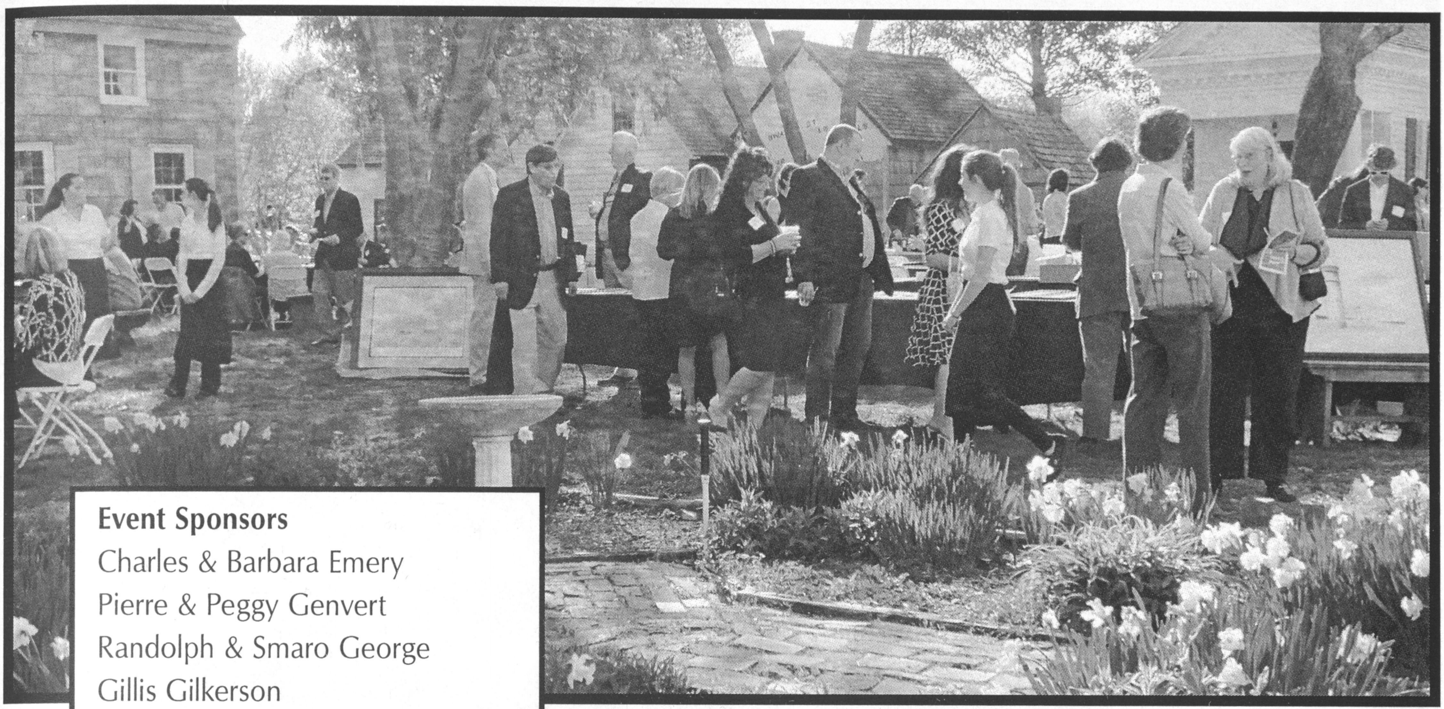
"An Evening in Old Lewestown," the Nabb Research Center's annual fundraiser organized by Nabb's board of directors, was held at the Lewes Historical Society Complex in Lewes, DE, on Saturday, April 26. Nabb Research Center supporters and history enthusiasts alike enjoyed an evening with family and friends.

The clear skies and sunshine combined with elegant food, music, potent potables, and a silent auction created both a successful and relaxing evening. Classical music provided by a string trio added an elegant touch. The silent auction included items ranging from restaurant gift certificates to a weekend in historic Williamsburg.

Plate Catering, a local Lewes business located just a few blocks away from the event, served a delicious selection of finger foods to complement the evening. The event included an open bar provided by Nabb board member Randy George and the always-popular mint juleps made by Nabb's emeritus board member Bert Thornton and his family. The raw oyster bar, provided by Nabb board member Charles Emery, was another hit with the guests.

Featuring nine historic, local buildings dating from the mid-1600s to the late 1800s, the Lewes Historical Complex was an ideal location to showcase Delmarva history and culture. Early arrivals to the evening event were treated to a tour of Lewes and the vicinity hosted by Nabb board member Russ McCabe on the Jolly Trolley. Back at the Complex, friendly and knowledgeable docents stationed at the buildings added the finishing touch. The buildings on the site included several houses, a doctor's office and an early schoolhouse. We thank the folks at the Lewes Historical Complex for their outstanding help in hosting this event. We especially thank the supporters shown here who contributed to the success of the event and everyone who helped make it happen.

Lewes has a rich and varied history. What is now known as Cape Henlopen, the point of land separating the Atlantic Ocean from the Delaware Bay, was selected by the Dutch as an ideal site to establish a whaling station. Lewes has always been a seafaring town and still has an excellent harbor that is home to a large fleet of charter fishing boats stationed on the canal. It is a great tourist destination with attractions such as Cape Henlopen State Park, historic lighthouses, the Cape May-Lewes Ferry, beaches, charter boats offering offshore sport fishing, biking and hiking trails, and Lewes' Maritime Historic Trail. The quaint seaside town is also home to many shops and restaurants where visitors can enjoy the visit even more. The historic architecture representing a great diversity of styles stretching across three hundred years is a must-see. It is a great destination that will not disappoint and we invite all our readers to visit the town and enjoy the dynamic history that surrounds historic Lewestown!



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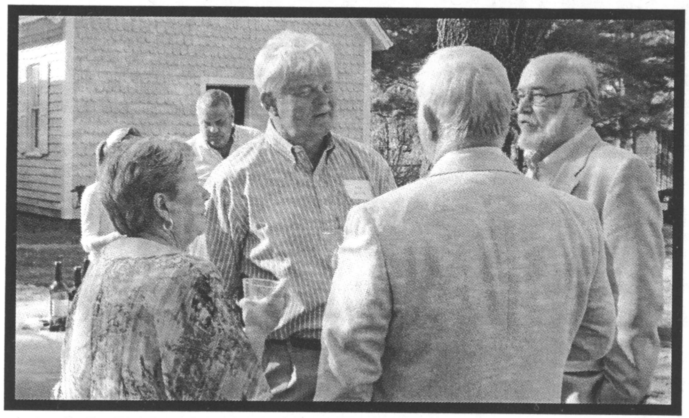

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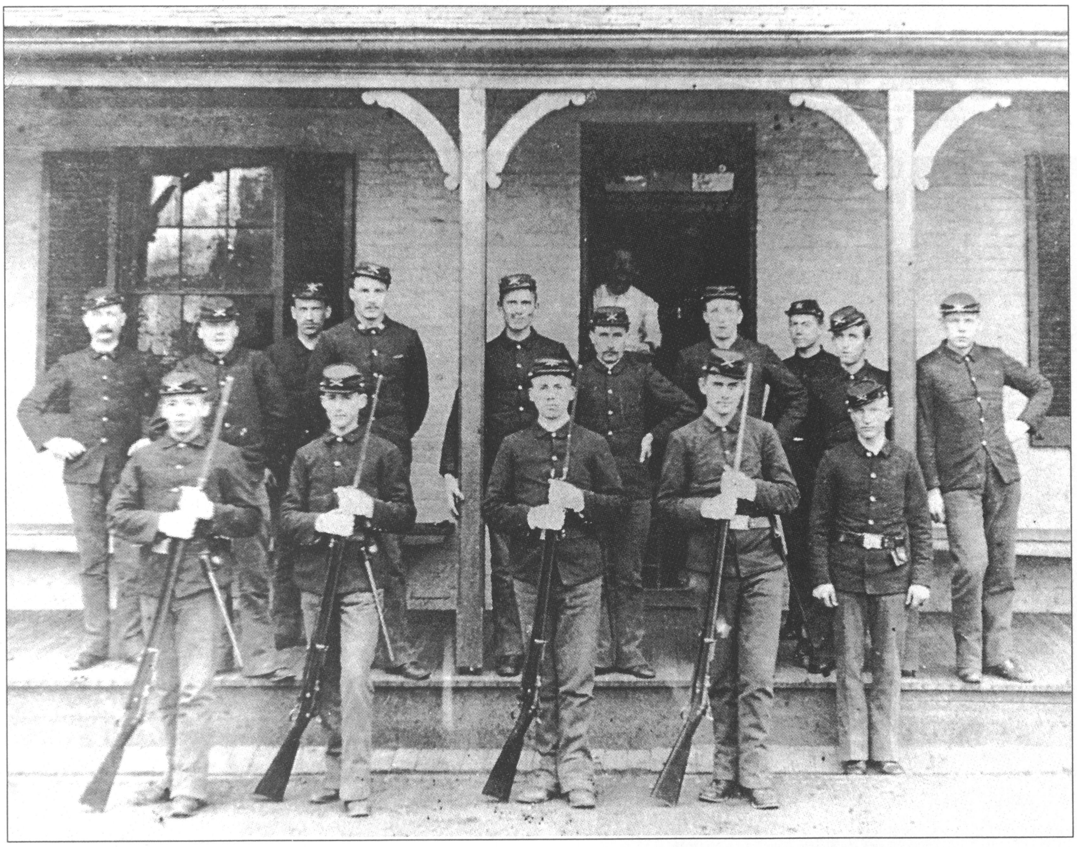
Musical entertainment

Delmarvans at War

By Evan Mellott



U.S. soldiers standing in front of Byrd's Tavern where the Wicomico County courthouse now stands.

The *Delmarvans at War: The Civil War* exhibit at Salisbury University's Edward H. Nabb Research Center is a broad view of how the Eastern Shore was involved in the fighting between the Union and Confederacy. This exhibit captures the impact it had on individuals from the Eastern Shore

The viewer is taken on a historical tour of the Civil War, from the election of President Abraham Lincoln and the secession of the South to the surrender at Appomattox and the beginning of Reconstruction. This snapshot of Eastern Shore history provides an example of how difficult life became in the Border States during the Civil War. Using correspondence, personal diaries, maps, Delmarva newspapers, photographs, and other primary documents, this gallery provides first-hand accounts that are expressly unique to this area.

There were thousands of volunteers on both sides; however, both the Union and the Confederacy drafted men out of necessity. Alexander Hamilton Bayly, for example, was drafted by the Union after he had already decided to volunteer for the Confederacy. Families such as the Valliant brothers were torn apart during the Civil War. In other cases, entire families of brothers ended up going to war together, such as the Careys and the African-American Bruff brothers. African-Americans from the Eastern Shore who served during the war included both freedmen and former slaves. The United States government compensated slave owners for freeing their slaves for service in the military. George Lankford let a slave of his join the army in 1864 and filed a claim for his service to the U.S. government. A copy of this claim is included in the exhibit. Brigadier General Henry H. Lockwood fought for the Union in the battles of Gettysburg and Harpers Ferry; he was equally well known for his recruitment of black soldiers to the Union Army.

The exhibit chronicles both the battlefront and the home front. The Eastern Shore was home to many people who gained prominence during the war. Confederate Brigadier General John Henry Winder, born in Somerset County, was in charge of prisons and commanded the infamous Libby Prison where the leader of the Eastern Shore's Purnell Legion, Colonel William J. Leonard, was sent after he was captured. There were also important women such as Clara Gunby. She was charged with treason by the Union for not walking under an American flag set up by Union soldiers. She was found guilty and served time in Fortress Monroe in Virginia before being released in a prisoner exchange with the South; she then became a spy for the Confederacy. Later, she served in the Treasury Department of the CSA. All of these people from Delmarva are described in more detail in the Nabb Civil War exhibit.

This exhibit, first shown in spring 2014, will also be featured this fall. It's a must-see if you are interested in local Civil War history.

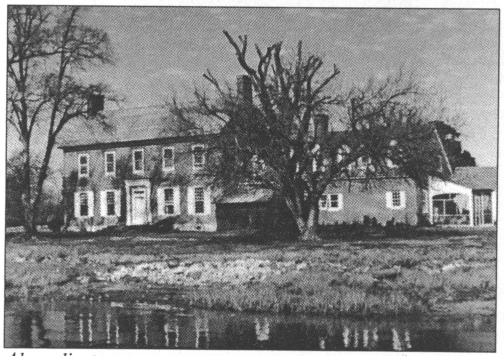
Evan Mellott, a history intern at the Nabb Center this spring, graduated from Salisbury University in May.

Spotlight on Collections

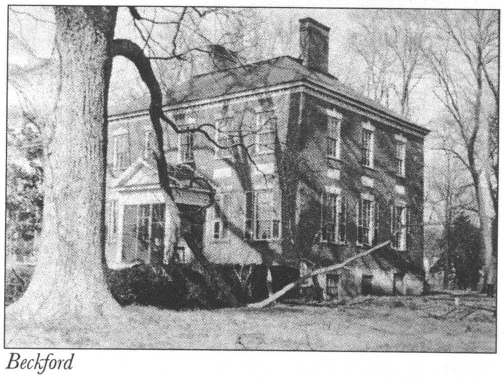
Past in Present: Freedom Ainsworth and His Palatial Preservation Practices

by Leslie Van Veen McRoberts, Nabb Research Center Access Archivist

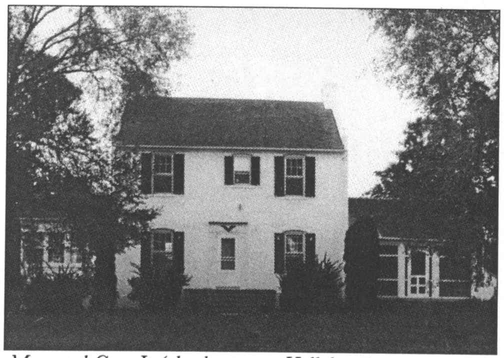
Freedom and Norma Ainsworth



Almondington



Beckford



More and Case It (also known as Hollyhurst)

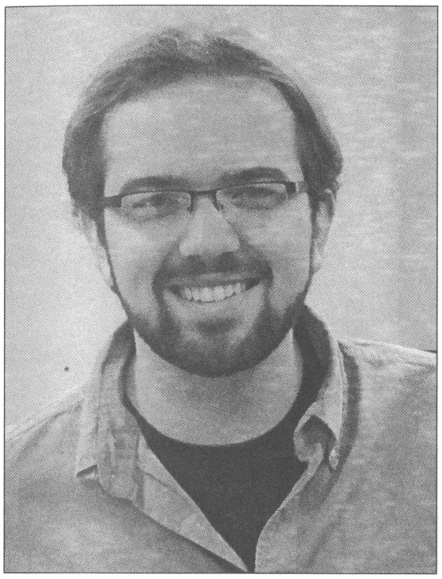
Each day at the Nabb Research Center I encounter new materials; donors come in regularly with resources that help us document the past in the present. Often I find materials that have been here for years and require some tender loving care. In my first year at the Center, I have grown to love the rich and multi-faceted history of the Eastern Shore. When I arrived at the Nabb Research Center in June 2013, I was tasked with completing an in-depth survey of our archival materials. Within the first few weeks, I was awestruck by the Freedom Ainsworth papers; time did not allow me at that point to delve into his Eastern Shore life, but it was on my "bucket list." Earlier in 2014, when HVAC work was being completed in our archival storage room, materials had to be removed; finally, this was my chance to examine the life of a man with an interesting name and a fascinating life.

Many of you may have known Freedom Ainsworth or visited the properties he once called home. His papers detail the great lengths to which he went to restore and preserve More and Case It (also known as Holly Hurst), Beckford and Almodington, plantation homes located in the Manokin Historic District of Somerset County, MD. Documents include detailed drawings and measurements, correspondence, photographs, and historic records he obtained from previous owners. Mr. Ainsworth took notes on every detail, including his phone conversations, what was said, determined and the potential outcome. These conversation notes include his disdain for how a series of trees was planted and how his dogs and house were to be cared for in his absence. His papers also give us a glimpse into his personal life. Mr. Ainsworth was a Harvard-trained preservationist who grew up on Park Avenue in Manhattan. It is unknown how he met his bride Norma Ruedi; they were married in Rehoboth Beach, DE, after she had completed her term as the first woman to head the Information Staff at the Bureau of Land Management. The Ainsworths divided their time between the Eastern Shore and Manhattan. Norma preceded Freedom in death in 1987; he followed in 2008 after a lengthy illness. The papers reflect a lifetime spent in the restoration, rehabilitation and preservation of historic properties. To view the detail of preservation practices conducted by Mr. Ainsworth, view the finding aid online at http://nabbhistory.salisbury.edu/finding-aids/pdf/1999.008.pdf.

A Fond Farewell

The Nabb Center would not be able to offer the services to the public and students without the assistance of its student workers. Each semester, we benefit from the labors of undergraduate students from various disciplines and graduate assistants from the history department.

The students mentioned in this article were graduated this May and are moving on to further their careers. As you will see, they have participated in a variety of activities and tasks, and we hope that in so doing, they have gained experience and knowledge that will help them along the way. We will miss them and wish them well.



John Plinke began working at the Nabb Center in 2010 as a freshman undergraduate, as part of the work study program at Salisbury University. While this placement was random, he was able to thrive and grow at the Nabb Center, learning how to manage environmentally sensitive archival documents and how to navigate and use an archival records management system. During his time at the Nabb Center, John processed archival collections, digitized materials, inventoried the archive, and occasionally aided with exhibits such as one on Native Americans. He learned primary source research techniques that will aid him in his ambitions to become an attorney. He became proficient with web design techniques through the web tasks the archivist assigned him. One of the collections he processed was the Albert Laws collection, which detailed the life of Spanish American war veteran and Salisbury resident Albert Laws. He also worked here during the summer of 2014 processing the Page Elmore papers, which detailed the political career of a state delegate for the Salisbury region. During his final year here, working with Nabb's Access Archivist Leslie Van Veen McRoberts, John continued to process and digitize a variety of archival materials. He helped scan the original record books of Trinity Methodist Church of Salisbury, and during his last semester, he processed several business and political collections.

John was raised in Greensboro, MD, a small town on the northern Eastern Shore. He chose to come to Salisbury University because it was close to home and close to the beach. Before working at the Nabb Center, he had never realized the rich history with which he had grown up. John graduated from Salisbury University this May with a dual degree in English and political science. He was enrolled in the Bellavance Honors Program, studied international politics at the University of Tartu in Estonia and spent a semester working for Delegate Barnes in the Maryland General Assembly. He taught a self-defense class and instructed for a martial arts organization on Salisbury's campus. John begins George Washington Law School in August 2014.

Amanda Tuttle-Smith began working at the Nabb Center in 2012 as a graduate research assistant. During her undergraduate career at Salisbury University, she had utilized the wealth of research materials housed at the Center, and it encouraged her to pursue an advanced degree in history. Upon entering the History Graduate Program at the University, she was selected to become our research assistant. During her first year at the Nabb Center, she worked in the Reading Room assisting patrons, students and volunteers with their research projects. In addition to her Reading Room duties, Amanda also wrote multiple articles for our *Shoreline* publication, transcribed our Bible record collection and transcribed other archival materials, including a Civil War diary and a journal documenting the construction of the Nanticoke Harbor, a copy of which is now published and shelved in the Reading Room. During her final year, she worked with Nabb's Archivist Leslie Van Veen McRoberts. While working with Leslie, Amanda reprocessed over 48 boxes of small collections and processed four larger collections, including the papers of Anne Clay and the Double Mills records.

Amanda was raised in Queenstown, MD, on a game bird farm. From the age of four her family knew she was going to be somehow involved in the field of history. She was always doing various research projects and was George Washington and Abraham Lincoln in more school plays than her mother can count. Amanda was a member of Phi Gamma Mu, Pi Alpha Theta and PACE. She interned with Delegate Norman Conway in the Maryland General Assembly. She graduated in May 2014 with a graduate degree in history with a concentration in women's history and gender studies. Amanda credits the Nabb Center and all the opportunities she was given by Salisbury University for her success in her graduate career. Amanda begins teaching at a private academy in August 2014 and will enter a Ph.D. program the following fall.

Upcoming Events and Exhibits

Mapping Delmarva's Past - Exhibit

August 25-December 12

Nabb Gallery• Mon., Wed., Fri., 1-4 p.m.

Explore Delmarva's history through the eyes of the cartographer and experience the changing perceptions of the early explorers. Featuring the vast map collection of the Nabb Research Center, the visitor will see and learn about the various types of maps and surveys that are a part of our history and depict the changing region over the centuries.

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A New and Accurate Map of VIRGINIA & MARYLAND

Mapping Delmarva's Past- Exhibit Opening Reception

Monday, September 8

Nabb Gallery, 7 p.m.

Join Dr. Ray Thompson, director of the Nabb Research Center, for an opening reception and tour of the exhibit. Light refreshments will be served.

Delmarvans at War: The Civil War - Exhibit

August 25-December 12

Nabb Gallery • Mon, Wed., Fri., 1-4 p.m.

See how the presence of both Union and Confederate supporters affected the families of Delmarva, and sense the overall impact felt in the tri-state area. Commemorating the 150th anniversary of the Civil War, this exhibit features the people of Delmarva on both the home front and the battlefield through photographs, maps, diaries, correspondence and other seldom-seen primary documents.

"This Is My Story; This Is My Song" Connecting the Shared History of African Americans in United Methodism

Wednesday, October 15

Guerrieri Center, Wicomico Room, 7 p.m.

David W. Brown, author of *Freedom Drawn From Within: A History of the Delaware Annual Conference*, presents the inaugural lecture from the Rev. Frost Pollitt Memorial Endowment through the SU Foundation, co-sponsored by the Fulton School and the Nabb Research Center. Brown discusses the history of the Delaware Annual Conference for African-American Methodist Churches in the Mid-Atlantic States, founded in 1864.

Maryland Emancipation Day Celebration- Performance

Saturday, November 1

Charles H. Chipman Cultural Center • 323 Broad St. Salisbury, MD, 7 p.m.

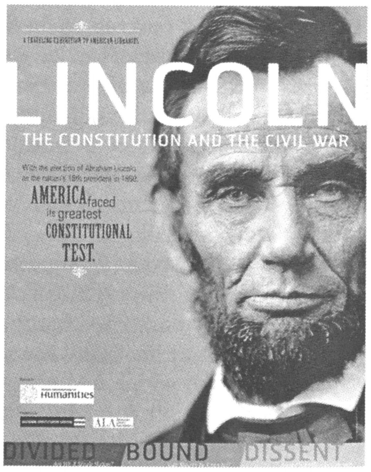
Maryland abolished slavery 150 years ago, while the Civil War was still being fought. In recognition of Maryland Emancipation Day, the Nabb Research Center presents a musical performance by the Society for the Preservation of African American Arts (SPAAA) Singers at the historic Chipman Cultural Center. Built in 1838 and known as the John Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church, the building is the oldest standing African-American church on Delmarva. Event features introduction by Vance Elbert and storytelling by Simone Myree-Rofe.

Lincoln: The Constitution & the Civil War -Exhibit

January 23-March 4

Nabb Gallery• Mon., Wed., Fri., 1-4 p.m.

Look for details in the spring issue of *Panorama*.


LINCOLN
THE CONSTITUTION AND THE CIVIL WAR
AMERICA faced its greatest CONSTITUTIONAL TEST.
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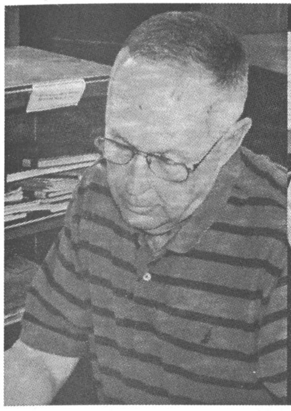
Thank you to our volunteers, who collectively provide the Nabb Center with critical support, including scanning, curating, docenting, researching and more. Without their dedication and hard work, much of what we do would not be possible



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Breaking ground for the new Academic Commons building on campus – the future home of the Nabb Center.

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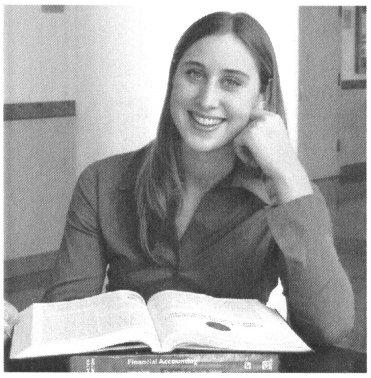

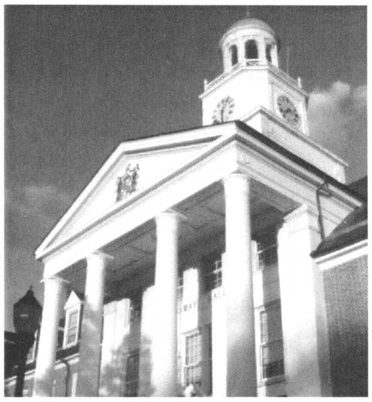

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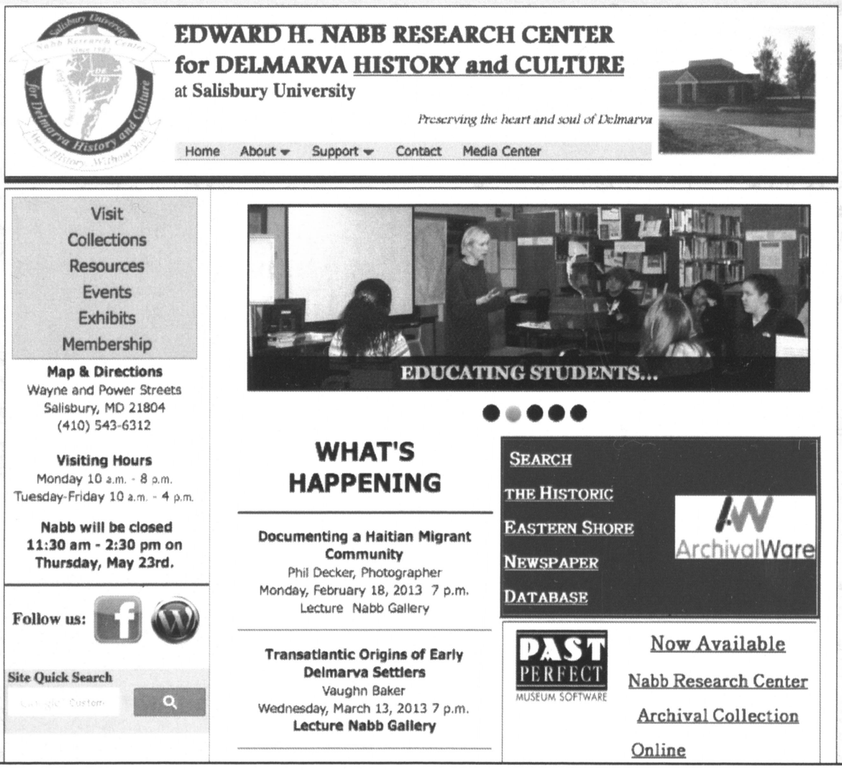
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Visiting Hours
Monday 10 a.m. - 8 p.m.
Tuesday-Friday 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.

Nabb will be closed 11:30 am - 2:30 pm on Thursday, May 23rd.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

Documenting a Haitian Migrant Community
Phil Decker, Photographer
Monday, February 18, 2013 7 p.m.
Lecture Nabb Gallery

Transatlantic Origins of Early Delmarva Settlers
Vaughn Baker
Wednesday, March 13, 2013 7 p.m.
Lecture Nabb Gallery

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